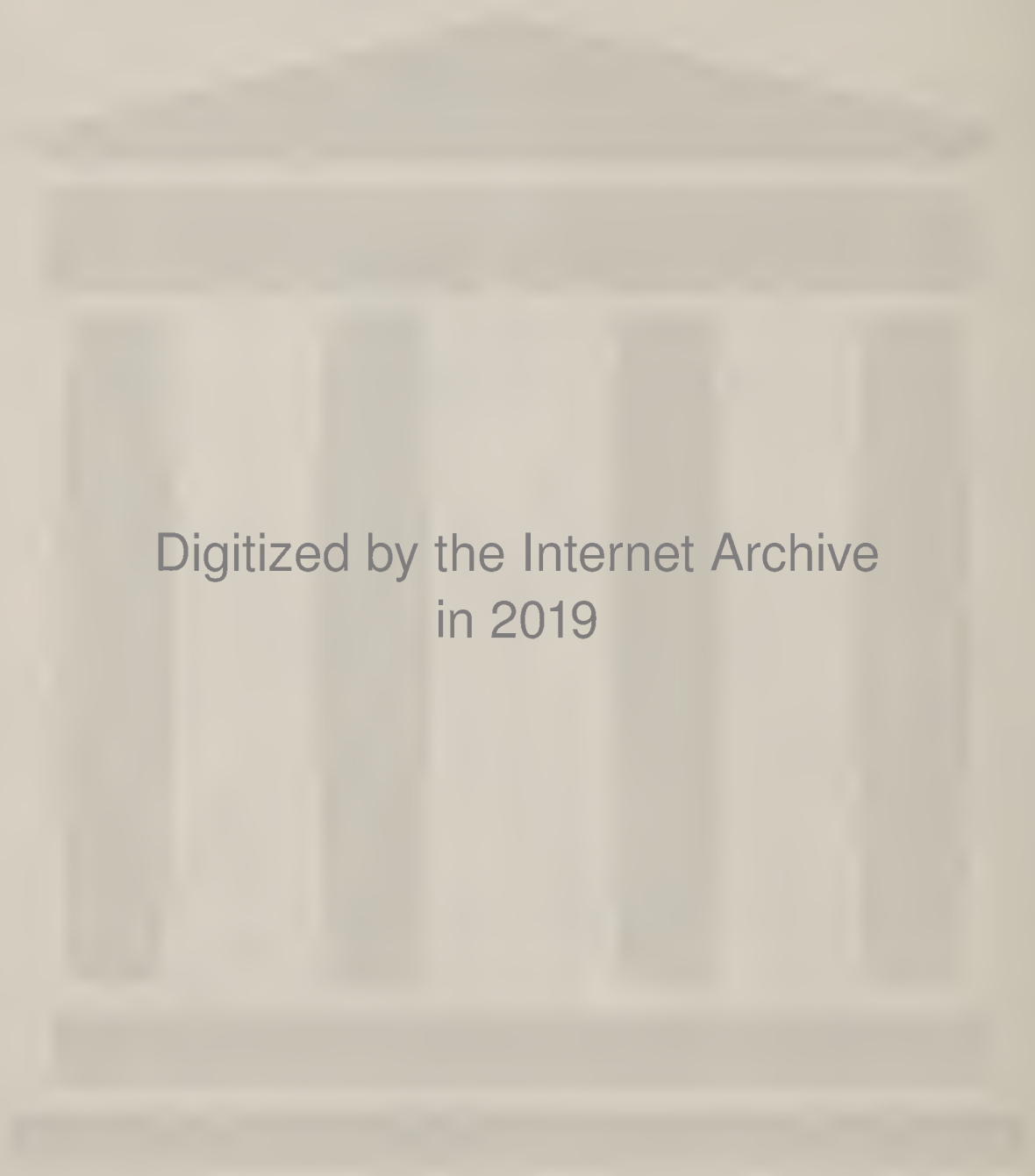
Gc
929.2
W6313w
2042527

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01400 1108


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019

https://archive.org/details/memoirsofthomasr00wick

# Memoirs

of the

# Thomas Rogers Wickenden

# Family

DL 017
79 7991 14

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF
FORT WAYNE AND ALLEN COUNTY, IND.
46802

2042527

RETURN TO WRITER
NOT DELIVERABLE AS ADDRESSED
NO FORWARDING ORDER ON FILE

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
46802

Wickenden, Arthur C.

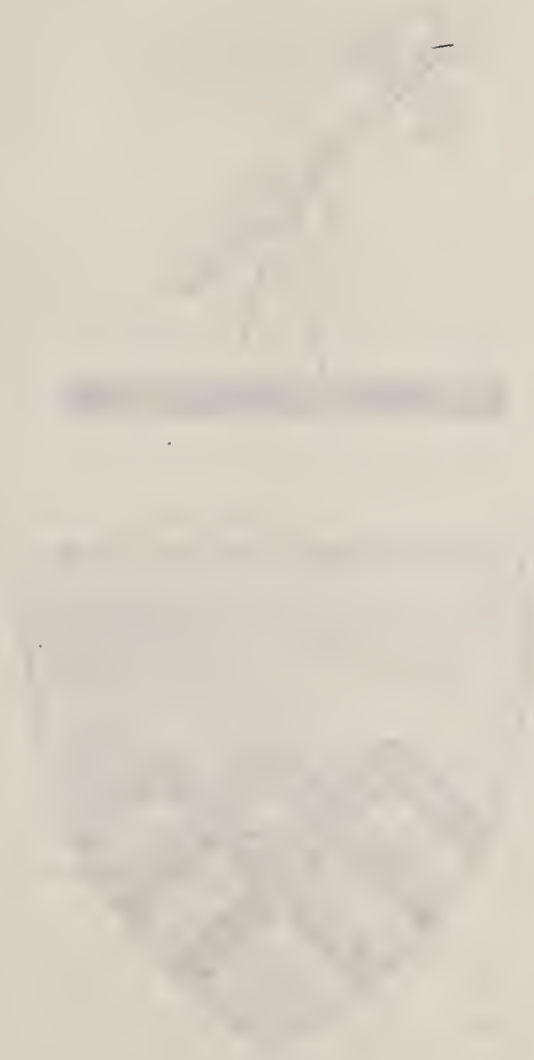
ess

Oxford, Ohio 45056

nd the following items, transportation prepaid, marked for:

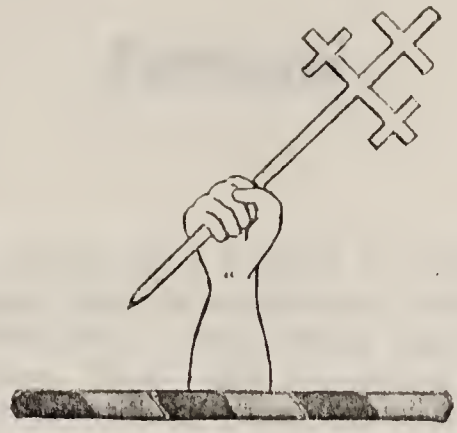
lic Library of Fort Wayne & Allen Co

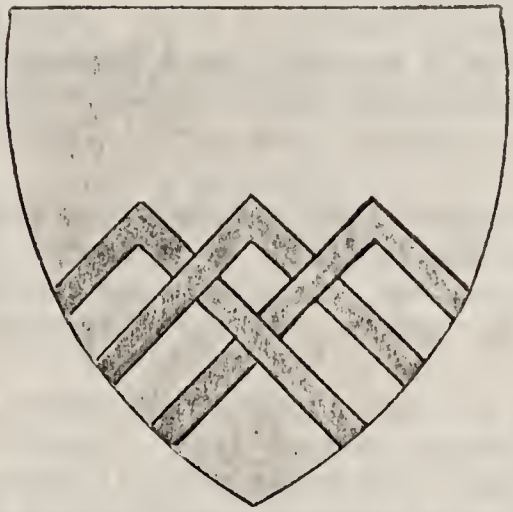
Rec'd June 13-1979



Copyright, Arthur C. Wickenden 1962

Printed by Cullen Printing Company
Oxford, Ohio





# Wickenden

Escutcheon: Field, Azure.
Ordinaries: Three chevrons interlaced, Or.
Crest: A dexter hand holding a cross crosslet fitched, Azure.

# Foreword

This book is the story of a family as remembered by the eight children of Thomas Rogers Wickenden, 1853-1924, and Ida Consaul Wickenden, 1856-1927. The family home was located at 602 Starr Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, and the house is still occupied by the youngest of the children, Dorothy, and her husband Frederick W. Klag. Both the living members of the family and those of succeeding generations will find it full of interest, and it should be to the latter a source of inspiration and just pride in their goodly heritage. As a firsthand description of the problems, struggles, achievements and joys of a middle class family in America in the late decades of the nineteenth and first half of the twentieth century, it may well become a valuable historical record.

Each of the eight children has contributed a chapter of recollections with the exception of William who had already left this life when the plan was initiated. We are indebted to his wife Marion, since deceased, for the account of his life and achievements.

Credit for initiating the project and for gathering most of the material goes to Homer. When he was unable to carry it through to publication he turned it over to me for completion and final editing, and in this latter task the help of my wife, Ethel, has been invaluable. In addition to Homer's research into the history of the family, Lottie also made a very great contribution to the historical data pertaining to both ancestral lines. To Thomas goes the thanks of the family for assuming the major part of the cost of publication.

Oxford, Ohio

Arthur C. Wickenden

# Contents


| Chapter | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| I. | Family History | 1 |
| II. | Lottie Wickenden Ogden (Mrs. J. Stephen) | 10 |
| III. | William Elgin Wickenden | 25 |
| IV. | Ida Wickenden Nixon (Mrs. Justin Wroe) | 30 |
| V. | Thomas Howard Wickenden | 37 |
| VI. | Homer Edgar Wickenden | 53 |
| VII. | Arthur Consaul Wickenden | 61 |
| VIII. | Ruth Wickenden Winans (Mrs. Leslie H.) | 73 |
| IX. | Dorothy Wickenden Klag (Mrs. Frederick W.) | 82 |
| X. | Appendix: Letters of J. E. and Mary Quaife, November 15, 1832 | 87 |

# Family History

*By Homer Wickenden*

It is always interesting to speculate on who and what kind of people one's ancestors were. We feel a personal relationship with those we have met but those who were of more than two or three generations back usually are names only. Certain family features and characteristics can be seen in several generations, but the fact that if one goes back fifteen generations he has some 32,700 paternal and maternal ancestors indicates that an infinite number of genes and chromosones have made each of us what we are.

This material relates primarily to the family of Thomas Rogers Wickenden and Ida Consaul Wickenden, their eight children and eighteen grandchildren. These eighteen and their thirty-six children should know who are their cousins, uncles and aunts.

For generations the Wickenden family has lived in the County of Kent, England. Apparently the name has the same antiquity as such other place names as Borden, Wolfden or Oakenden. Research by Alfred Wickenden points to such names in Germany as well as in Great Britain, as Euden, Verden and Linden. The name of a town called Borenden near Hanover has its namesake in Borden, Kent. These names were Ango-Saxon in origin. Apparently the Suffix "den" means a place near a wood or valley where goats or swine were herded. The work "wicken" means the Mountain Ash tree. His conclusion is that the bearers of this name moved into Kent with the first Anglo-Saxon expedition of Hengist and Horsa about 450 A.D. They landed on the Isle of Thanet at the mouth of the Thames, now no longer an island.

There is a legend in the family which I believe was checked by Uncle Robert J. Wickenden and found to be true that the Wickendens owned the Isle of Thanet at one time. However, because they opposed the many marriages of Henry VIII and his establishment of the Church of England in place of the Roman Catholic Church, he took their lands away from them.

The earliest record I could locate of a Wickenden in Kent comes from a Parish register in the New York Public Library which shows that William Wickenden married Elizabeth Aier in April 1583 in Westerham (where Winston Churchill has his home.) Numerous others were at later dates married in Westerham. The interesting thing is that many of the first names are still in use. A few of them are Thomas, Ann, John and numerous Williams.

A search through two histories of Kent, namely Harris's and Hasted's Vol. III dated 1797, shows in the latter the following

information:

Kentwater in Corden, Kent:

"Late in the tenure of William Wickenden whose ancestor Thomas Wickenden had given them the priory of Corden: to hold "in capite" by Knight's service. They seem to have joined in the sale of this estate to William Wickenden whose grandson in the reign of King Charles I died possessed of it leaving at his decease two sons who divided this estate between them."

Hasted's History, Volume X, shows "the manor of Appleton at Waldershire, Kent, was passed away to Wickenden. Robert Wickenden, gent. of Dover, died possessed of it in 1686 and by his will gave it to his son of the same name whose descendant W. Nicholas Wickenden of the same place devised it to his servants who sold it to W. Samuel Billingsly of London."

The fact that the "Wickenden Coat of Arms" is officially recorded indicated that the family had a responsible place in the fighting forces in the feudal times.

I have been informed that there are a number of Wickendens buried in the church yard in Maidstone, Kent, as well as some in the graveyard of St. Nicholas Parish in Rochester. In 1923 I visited Canterbury and on the way from the railroad station to the Cathedral I stopped to read a poster on the telephone pole. It was a list of persons receiving public relief and the reason given therefore. The first name on the list was Mary Wickenden who was given shoes for her children so that they could attend school.

There are Wickendens in Oxfordshire also. William, born in 1614, who came to America from there in 1634, succeeded Roger Williams as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. - the oldest Baptist Church in America. Wickenden Street in Providence was named after him (that part of Providence formerly a slum has been rehabilitated). For several years (about 1950) a Wilfred D. Wickenden, a native of Oxfordshire, lived in Bronxville, N. Y. and represented the Midland Bank of London in New York. No direct relationship to the Wickendens in Kent on the part of these two is known. Some Wickendens settled in lower California about the time of the gold rush. One of these went to Peru, South America, and built a railroad. He came from Norwich.

There is a branch of the Wickenden family which centered around Tonbridge Wells in Kent. This branch descended from a Thomas Wickenden who lived in Frinsbury near Rochester, a nephew of our great great grandfather Thomas, father of Samuel. His son James set up a business of estate planning in 1830. His descendants include Charles R. F. Wickenden of Dallas, Texas, formerly of Chappaqua, N. Y. and Dan Wickenden, the writer. Charles R. F. Wickenden told me that the history of the town of Little Hampton on the English Channel tells of Wickendens who were hung as pirates.

Getting back to our immediate family, Thomas Wickenden lived in Rochester in the 1700's. His son Samuel was a sailor and also a shoemaker. A copy of Culpepper's Herbal published in 1775, which I received as a gift from Thomas Wickenden in Deal in 1937, contains Samuel's signature. Samuel lived at one time in the Chertsy Gate

House in Rochester over the entrance to Cathedral Close which Dickens wrote about in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Samuel's son was born near Rochester on December 29, 1826. He was married in Bethel Chapel, Rochester, on October 31, 1849, to Charlotte Quaife. Her ancestors were Huguenot weavers who escaped from Angiers, France, at the time of the St. Bartoholomew massacres. Charlotte came from the family of James Quaife who set sail for Canada in 1832 and settled near Prescott and Cornwall, Ontario. The settlement of Canada was then taking place and the family had a difficult struggle to survive. After four or five years they returned to England destitute on the last ship sailing before winter set in. They were shipwrecked on the Northern coast of Ireland, and had to work their way back to Rochester as best they could. Charlotte Quaife was red-headed and was described by her mother in a letter from Canada as being "careless".

Thomas was apprenticed to his father Samuel to learn navigation and sailing. He apparently sailed in the North Sea and near some of the Scandinavian countries. At the age of 34, he was Captain of a three-masted schooner, the Mary Caroline, which had a crew of nine men. On January 1, 1861, his ship was wrecked at the mouth of the Humber River, East Anglia, and all hands were lost. He was buried in the church yard at Great Grimsby nearby. His picture shows him to have a fine face and no doubt a genial personality. In addition to his widow, he left three sons: James, Thomas Rogers, ( born February 7, 1853) and Robert J. who was born posthumously.

This tragedy left Charlotte Wickenden and her two sons, James and Thomas, destitute. She was given work as a practical nurse at the Watts Charity, known as the Six Poor Travelers. Charles Dickens wrote about this institution in his story of "The Seven Poor Travelers." Our father was a pupil at the Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School, but it was necessary for him to give up his schooling at the age of 12. He finished the equivalent of the first year of high school and his mother then arranged for him to be apprenticed to a grocer. In order to pay the fee she had to get an advance from the manager of the Watt's Charity. Our father worked for the grocer for five years with practically no pay.

Charlotte Wickenden's brother, Reverend Robert Quaife, a Congregational minister, was already in the United States, and was a resident of Toledo, Ohio, where he organized the Adams St. Mission which is still one of the prominent social agencies of that city. Arrangements were made for Father to emigrate in 1870 to Toledo.

At this time the middlewest was expanding and there was need for pioneer workers. One of Father's first jobs was firing slabs of wood in the boiler of a saw mill in East Toledo. Later he worked on a construction crew of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Toledo and helped to build the railroad bridge over the Maumee River. This experience led him to decide to be a civil engineer. He could not afford to go to college and was largely self-taught. During the depression of 1872-73, he studied trigonometry and after going through the text book three times he mastered the subject which

was so important to anyone who did surveying. As a civil engineer he did remarkably well for a person who had such limited opportunities for education. He was married to Ida Consaul on December 17, 1879. In the year previous to Father's coming to America his older brother James had crossed and located in Toledo. He owned a photography business for a number of years, then did farming. In his later years he was in the printing business. He had three sons, Roy, Ernest and Rollin. Rollin is the father of James and Richard Wickenden, headmaster and assistant headmaster, respectively, of Tabor Academy in Marion, Massachusetts.

The younger brother Robert came to this country with his mother about September, 1873. He attended Franklin School in Toledo, and later helped James in the photography shop where he became interested in art. As a young man he found a patron in a Mrs. Coyle of Detroit, who made it possible for him to go to France to study painting. He married Ada Ahier of the Isle of Jersey and seven children were born to this union, namely: Alfred, Alice (Fifille), Henry, Yvonne (now a nun in the Order of St. Francis in St. Elizabeths Hospital N.Y.C.) John, Marguerite, and Robert. Uncle Robert lived in Auviers-sur-l'Oise for over 20 years. This early life of the family has been described in a book by Alfred entitled "Castle in Bohemia."

---

As Ida remembers Grandmother Wickenden's story of her family being shipwrecked, they were returning to England because her father was ill and he wanted to get his family back among friends and relatives before he died. After the disaster Robert Quaife, then 12 years old, walked all the way to Rochester and arrived there before the letter telling of their plight. The family was taken from one parish to the next by someone going that way with a wagon, with a letter from the parish minister commending them to the care of the next parish. Shortly after they reached Rochester the father died, but he got his family home.

# Charlotte Quaife Wickenden And Her Family

By Lottie Wickenden Ogden

Since Grandmother Wickenden was a permanent member of our family something should be written about her. She was born Charlotte Quaife, at Chatham, Kent, England, on October 26, 1827, to James Edmond and Mary Poynter Quaife. There was an older brother, Robert, and several younger sisters, Mary Ann (Rogers), Sarah (Heavens) and Elizabeth (Phillips). She used to tell us tales of her early life and the most thrilling was the story of the shipwreck when the family was returning to England from Canada after having lived over there for several years, beginning in 1832. (Letters concerning their ill-fated sojourn in Canada will be found at the end of the book.) They had passage on a sailing vessel carrying rough lumber back to England. Even the deck was piled high with lumber and they had very little space in which to move around. It was a long journey, two months or more, and by the time they reached the otherside the crew was drunk. In drawing near to Ireland the ship foundered on the rocks and all their possessions were lost except the clothes they were wearing. They were rescued by people from the shore and given shelter, but having no money or anything they had to wait until a letter could reach their relatives in Chatham and money could be sent. Grandmother remembered how poor the people were and how glad they were when they finally reached England. She remembered especially how her only pair of shoes was stolen by their rescuers.

Her schooling was very limited but her family was respected in their community. The Quaifes were orginally French Huguenots who left France when the Huguenots were severely persecuted. They were weavers by craft.

She married Thomas Wickenden in 1849. He was a sailor who in time became captain of his own ship "The Mary Caroline." He was a Freeman in the town of Rochester which gave him certain voting rights and also the privilege of sending his sons to Sir Joseph Williamson's Public School without payment.

I have heard Grandmother say that long, long ago the Wickenden family had large holdings of land on what was known as the Isle of Thanet, which was the name of the most eastern section of Kent, but that in the days of Henry VIII their land was confiscated. The name is very old and Uncle Robert Wickenden found an old record in Rochester Cathedral which told of a Wickenden who was a judge in Rochester in the year 1200. The Wickenden coat of arms was one of the earlier ones granted.

Grandfather Wickenden was only 34 when he and his whole crew were drowned on New Year's day, 1861. The oldest son, James, was ten years old, and Father was eight on that February 7. As another so Robert, was born six months later. Grandmother had three young sons

to support and very little means on which to live. She worked very hard at anything she could find to do and at one time she was a nurse in the local Alms House which was quite a good-sized institution. The boys were sent to Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School and received a first class basic education until they were twelve years old.

When father was twelve he left school and was apprenticed to a grocer for four years. He used to tell about different houses where he would deliver groceries and one of the places was Gad's Hill house where Charles Dickens lived. Many of the places described in the latter's novels were located in and about Rochester. In the last, an unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," the apartment over the gate house where Edwin Drood's uncle lived, was one where a Wickenden ancestor formerly had lived.

Grandmother's brother, Robert Quaife, had become a minister and had moved to Toledo, Ohio, at some time during Father's boyhood. In 1869 Uncle Jim came over to be with Uncle Robert, and Father followed in October, 1870, landing at Boston. On arriving in Toledo he first found work with a grocer. After several different jobs he finally found one on a surveyor's gang and right away he knew that he wanted to be a civil engineer. He bought books, studied the higher mathematics and learned all he could of the profession. Within ten years from the time he came from England he was one of the engineers in Smith Bridge Company of Toledo.

In 1874 Father and Uncle Jim sent for Grandmother and Uncle Rob, then thirteen years of age, to come from England to Toledo. In the meantime father had built the small house on French Street (Greenwood Avenue) and Uncle Jim had a small house directly in line with Father's house facing on Starr Avenue. The two lots backed up to each other. Uncle Jim must have married Lucy Wales about this time.

Grandmother and Uncle Rob lived with Father and Uncle Rob went to the old Franklin School. Later he got a job in the photograph gallery of North and Oswald, prominent photographers in Toledo. Some little time later he had his own photograph gallery in Dundee, Michigan. Grandmother kept house for him some of the time. Later Uncle Jim took over the shop and Uncle Rob went to New York, and later to Paris, to study art.

Father had been brought up in the Methodist Chapel in Rochester, but in Toledo he became interested in the little recently organized Baptist Church in East Toledo at Fourth and Victor Streets and sang in the choir. A young lady named Ida Consaul was the organist of the church and a romance developed. They were married December 17, 1879.

It was sometime in this period that Grandmother Wickenden went back to England for a visit. I do not know how long she was there but I was old enough to remember that when she came back to Toledo she brought me the little English dishes for my play dishes. I prized them highly. Eventually I passed them on to Charlotte Winans as she was the "Charlotte" named after Grandmother. I was

named for both my grandmothers but Father thought "Lottie Lillis" was more euphonious than Charlotte Lillis would have been. She wrote long letters to her sister over there and spoke of England and especially of Rochester so much that when I was there in 1913 it all seemed familiar. I felt as if I had been there before.

Grandmother deserves much credit for working as hard as she did after her husband's early death in order to give her three sons a chance. She lived to see each of them an asset to the communities in which they lived. She had no easy time of it in a houseful of noisy children growing up, and her ways were not always Mother's ways; but Mother was always patient and in Grandmother's last year, when she was paralyzed, Mother gave her constant care and attention. She lived to be 76 years old and died in Toledo, August 17, 1904.

# The Consauls

By Lottie and Homer

Our mother, Ida Consaul, was born in a log cabin on the outskirts of Toledo. She was a descendant of a Spanish Huguenot by the name of Emmanuel Gonzales who moved to Holland and finally came to America in his own ship. According to the records in the State Department of Education Library in Albany, New York, he arrived near Albany in 1684. He married a woman who was a member of a large Dutch family and his children settled in Schenectady. The record shows that they fought against the Indians, barely escaping with their lives in the Schenectady Massacre. The Dutch spelled the name in various ways such as Consaul, Consaulus and Gunsaulus. Two streets in Schenectady are named after the Consaul family.

The record reveals that Johannes Consaulus of "Nistigione" married Machtelt, daughter of Johannes Hemstraat in Albany on April 20, 1765. Their first son was Johannes, who was baptized in Schenectady on November 5, 1767. In due time he married Viney Manning and to this union four children were born. The eldest, John, whose birthday was September 27, 1793, was our great grandfather. He married Martha Waterbury (1799-1864) on July 7, 1817. They were the parents of ten children. William W., our grandfather, was born in Steuben, Oneida County, N.Y. on September 30, 1818. The other children who lived beyond infancy were Joseph (1823-1841), Susan (b. Feb. 28, 1826) who married Watters Whitmore, Jason (1828-1910), Maria Lucinda (1831-1850), Amanda (b. Feb. 26, 1834) who married Alonzo Tinker, Savina (b. Sept. 28, 1836) who married Thomas Radcliffe, Lewis (b. July 20, 1840) and John (b. June 3, 1840 About 1836 John Consaul brought his family and settled in Oregon Township, Lucas County, Ohio, where he continued to reside until his death August 20, 1866. From Grandmother Consaul's notebook it was learned that the East Toledo was known as the Black Swamp and the people were called Swamp Angels. Everyone was said to have had ague. Another item of interest dating from this time was the fact that a license was issued to William Consaul to operate a ferry on the Maumee River. The license fee was forty cents. The record shows that he was also a member of the militia in Ohio at the time of the Mexican War in 1845.

William's first wife was Priscilla Hoag. The Hoags were of old Quaker stock and her parents William and Hannah Wood Hoag came from Vermont to southern Michigan sometime in the 1820s. They travelled to Buffalo by way of the Erie Canal. In 1839 they moved to West Toledo where William followed the trade of a wheelwright. Priscilla was born during the family's residence in Vermont in October 1824. Among the other nine children of William and Hannah Hoag mention should be made of Paulina (1827-1917) who married Russell Oles and moved to Kansas in 1879, Charles (b. Jan. 5, 1830) who was a Methodist preacher in Toledo, and Lillis Wood (1832-1917),

who was our grandmother.

To William and Priscilla Consaul were born Ann Eliza (1844-1861), and Charles A. (1848-1872) Priscilla died on Feb. 21, 1852. In due course William married her sister, Lillis. Their children were Ida (b. Dec. 9, 1855 - d. May 31, 1927), Frank Irving (b. Feb. 6, 1868), and the twins Jennie Lind and Jessie May (b. March 23, 1872)

Another item gleaned by Lottie from Grandmother Consaul's notebook was that the first church in Oregon Township was established on the Consaul farm in 1849 and the first communion service was held at the home of William Consaul in December 1849. Also, according to Lottie, the old Consaul homestead in Oregon Township is now occupied by the Toledo Water Works Filtration Plant. Grandfather Consaul died in East Toledo on February 5, 1883, but Grandmother lived on until March 1917.

Uncle Frank married Cora Thorp. They had no children of their own but adopted a daughter, Lillis, and a son, Leslie. Aunt Jennie married Uncle Arthur Taylor and had no children. Aunt Jessie married Lloyd Whitcomb. They had four sons, Lawrence, Ward, Charles and William.

# Lottie Wickenden Ogden

I was born in the cottage on French Street, now Greenwood Avenue, on October 24, 1880. Although I was only two and a half when we moved from that house, I have three distinct pictures in my mind of the place. I can remember myself a baby sitting on the kitchen floor and seeing Father come past the windows as he was coming home from work, coming in the door and picking me up. I remember the thrill that it gave me. Then I remember swinging on the front gate waiting for Father to come home and there was a flowering almond bush in bloom. I have always had a tender feeling for flowering almonds. Father stopped to talk to a neighbor across the street and I kept calling, "Papa, come home!" When we moved in May "Willie" was a baby five months old and as we left the house I walked with one of my grandmothers who was pushing the baby buggy, and we stopped at a neighbor's to say "Goodbye."

Grandfather and Grandmother Consaul lived on the farm and I had been taken there when Willie was born on December 24, 1882. I was just two years and two months old and it was probably the first time I had been separated from my mother. I remember how I cried and how Jennie and Jessie, then about ten and a half years old, tried to comfort me.

I recall plainly a big box hanging on the stairway door and in it was a set of wooden blocks, the alphabet blocks that all the younger children played with for years afterward. Also I have a picture in my mind of Grandfather Consaul sitting by the glowing coal stove, holding a baby in a long dress, Willie I suppose. Grandfather died in February 1883, and I remember being held in Father's arms and seeing him in the old fashioned shaped coffin in the parlor of the farm house. I felt no particular shock.

In May 1883 we moved from the French Street house to one at Fourth and Bridge Streets (now Main St.) and the apple trees in the yard were in full bloom. Very soon afterwards there was a heavy snow storm which caused much discussion among the elders. This house was larger than the old one and evidently Father was prospering as a new parlor suite was purchased, upholstered in black and gold damask. (Ruth now has the old love seat of this set.) Father was still working at the Smith Bridge Company. He wore whiskers and one night when he came in the whiskers had been shaved off and I refused to accept him as my papa. I said that I wanted my real papa to come home.

It was in the summer of 1884, I think, when Father and Mother took me on a trip to Port Huron. Cousin Louisa Whitmore was with us. We took a boat to Detroit and another to Port Huron, arriving after dark. We went to a hotel and I was much impressed by the size of the building and the long flight of stairs that we had to climb. The next day we went to Huronia Beach where Father rented a rowboat. I screamed when they put me in the boat, but after we got started I was allowed to dabble my hands in the water and I screamed again when they took me out of the boat.

Earlier in 1884 I remember being taken to the Maumee River to see how part of the bridge had been carried away by the flood. It was then that "Papa's bridge" was designed and built, the old Cherry Street bridge.

1884 seems to carry many memories for in the fall there was a presidential election when Blaine and Logan were running against Grover Cleveland. Father belonged to the Republican Club and marched in torchlight processions wearing a plumed helmet. Blaine was called the Plumed Knight. When he was defeated by Cleveland Father was very disappointed. For a long time afterward Willie and I played with the helmet.

It was late in the summer of 1885 when Willie and I both had scarlet fever and my respiratory troubles began at that time. I must have been very ill and was stone deaf for some time afterwards. Sinus trouble and a discharging ear left me quite a problem for years.

Later that year Father had to go to New York to help Uncle Robert and Aunt Ada. They had been married when both were very young and Uncle Rob earned so little as an artist. Aunt Ada was pregnant and desperately homesick for the Isle of Jersey. At that time Father brought Aunt Ada home to live with us until after the baby came. Moth was also pregnant and Grandmother Wickenden was not too pleased over Uncle Robert's marriage so the situation was complicated. I have plea ant memories of Aunt Ada, however, since she brought me a French doll and made such cute little French dresses for it.

Mother's baby, Ida, was born February 11, 1886, and Aunt Ada's Alfred a month later. When Uncle Rob came from New York he was asked to choose the baby he thought was his and he picked the blonde, which was Ida. While with us he painted my portrait, which bored me very much, as I did not like to sit still that hour each day. But bored as I was, I wanted to look nice in the picture. One day I fell asleep in the chair and on waking I was afraid he had painted me with my eyes closed. I was so relieved when he assured me that he would paint me with my eyes open.

It is time, probably, to speak of the old Second Baptist Church across from the Franklin School. My earliest memories are connected with the family pew up in the front with Grandmother Consaul and her children sitting just behind us, although Jennie, Jessie and Frank sang in the choir when they were old enough. Mother always took her babies to church but sat at the rear with them. When Willie was two or three years old he was apt to be a little bit noisy, and one Sunday when Mr. Schaff, the minister, was preaching Mother told him that if he did not keep quiet she would have to take him out of the

church. When Willie didn't keep quiet she took him out and he was indignant. He stamped his feet and yelled "I want to go back and hear Schaff preach!" His favorite game at that period was to pretend he was the preacher at church. He went through the program of the service and when it was time for the sermon, I remember he would throw up his arms vigorously and say "Blism-blasm!" over and over.

Grandmother Consaul was still living on the farm and I have memories of visiting there during this period, going to the country school with Jennie and Jessie, of playing around the log house in which Mother had been born, and also going over to Uncle Jason Consa house not far away. His farm is now a part of Collins Park and at t time his house is still standing and occupied by one of the park car takers. The original farm of Great-Grandfather Consaul is now the s of the Toledo Filtration Plant and Water Works Pumping Station. Gra mother sold her farm and moved to the city on Oswald Street about 18

## School Days 1886 - 1896

In the summer of 1886 Father had a new house built at the corne of Starr Avenue and Sixth Street, across from the St. Louis Catholic Church. Neither street was paved, and at that time there were no houses or streets between our house and Oak Street. There were only a few shanties occupied by Irish immigrants between Oak Street and t river. We could see from our windows the masts of the old sailing ships as they came down the river toward the Cherry Street bridge. All this territory between our house and Oak was "the commons" and every day a one-armed woman, whom we always called "the cow lady," came with a herd of cows to graze on these commons.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moon lived next to us on Starr Avenue and between their home and Cherry Street (now Euclid Avenue) was the Maddox peach orchard. Garfield Place later was cut through the orchard.

We moved into our new house in September 1886. Mr. Samuel Jarrett had been the builder, a brother of Uncle Robert Quaife's wife, Aunt Sarah. The house had no bathroom at that time, but we did have a barn, and a horse and buggy.

In that same month I started in public school at old Franklin and Irene Rennelsbecher was my first teacher. About this time natura gas was piped into Toledo and I heard Father and Mother discussing having it put into the house. I was terrified because all I knew about natural gas was that I had seen it flare up in a huge flame fro some exhaust pipe. But one day I came home from school and saw a meek, little, blue flame in our kitchen stove in which previously we had burned wood. It was a great novelty in the neighborhood as we were the first family to have it installed and I brought all my schoo friends to see it.

In May 1888 Tom was born and I think it was later in that summer that Father rented a small cottage at Lakeside with only one room and a loft upstairs. I was now seven and felt very much disgraced at hav ing to live in a place like that. Mother took Jennie and Jessie to help take care of us children, Will being five, Ida a little over two

and Tom a baby. There was a kindergarten in Bradley Temple in which Mother enrolled me. A Miss Roebuck was the teacher and I was thrilled with such a new experience and after that did not mind the small house

We returned to Lakeside the next summer to the new house which Father had built on Jasmine Avenue, two rooms downstairs and two up, quite a mansion for those days. Poor little Tom was eaten alive with chiggers the first summer we lived in the new cottage. From then on Lakeside was our chief joy in life and we counted the months from one summer to the next. As I look back now I realize that our parents were wiser than they knew in taking us children away from our neighborhood environment in Toledo each summer to a place where unconsciously we were exposed to influences which gave us higher ideals than those of most of our playmates.

Father at this time had left the Smith Bridge Company and had become the City Engineer of Toledo. That meant, among other advantages, that Mother could afford to keep a hired girl at two dollars a week.

On December 17, 1889 Father and Mother celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary and that night a group of friends from the church gave them a surprise party. I was allowed to stay up for it and was so pleased with all the gifts which the guests brought. I think it was at that party that the combination golden oak bookcase and desk was given to them but I am not sure. In any case it was during that period that we got it.

Homer was born December 20, 1890 and I have the name associated with The Iliad which Father was reading at the time. He was reading the Knights of the Round Table when Arthur was born in April, 1893. When Ruth came I think it was Mother who named her, but when Dorothy was born on August 7, 1898, the brothers and sisters wanted to give her a modern name and we voted on it. Tom did not like the name Dorothy and was allowed to choose the middle name May, so Dorothy May it i

In July of 1893 Will and I had the thrill of our young lives when Father took us to the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. We had talked about it for weeks beforehand. I was twelve and Will ten. We were there a week and saw everything. I remember especially the electric lighting, the July 4th fireworks, and the day when the replicas of Christopher Columbus's caravels arrived. Father took us to all the exhibits and to some of the places on the Midway.

Uncle Robert had a painting on exhibit. His family had come from France and lived in Chicago for several months, but Aunt Ada was so unhappy in that crude (to her) American city that they had already returned to France. They had stopped at our house on the way back some months before the Fair opened. Uncle Robert made frequent trips back and forth to the States in those days. His stories of travel and of interesting people whom he had met were always fascinating to us youngsters. We prized the little mementos he brought us, the miniature Eiffel Tower, and little glass perfume containers from Italy. Also, there were always pictures and talks of artists.

Other events of this period were frequent boat rides to Put-in-Bay, to Detroit, and to Sunday School picnics at Presque Isle on the Pastime. Then Father often would take Will and me to Ironville with

him on Sunday afternoons where he and Mr. Dawkins were keeping up a little mission Sunday School begun in 1876. Bess Quaife's Grandmother Weaver lived nearby on a small farm facing the river. I often went there with Bess to visit. Our grandmother by that time had sold her farm and lived in town. I loved being near the river at the Weav

Going to school was a matter of course and I went through the first seven grades at Franklin. Then the eighth grade was known as the Grammar Grade and the only Grammar School was over at the old High School building, the one from which Mother had graduated in 1873. Usually I walked back and forth to school, two miles each way, but thought nothing of it. It was cold going over the bridge in the winter. Sometimes I crossed on the ice when the river was frozen solid. During my first year in High School proper the old building burned and classes had to be scattered all around the neighborhood.

It was about this time that Ida Jarrett came to Toledo and lived at Quaife's. She and Bess were the same relation to each other as Bess and I were. We struck up an immediate friendship which has survived all these years.

Whatever social life I had in these teen age years centered in the church and the people I remember most vividly are not the ones who were my own age, but the older one's of Aunt Jennie and Aunt Jessie's age. I was with them so much all through my childhood that they seemed like older sisters. A Christian Endeavour Society was organized in the church and I, although younger, went to all the meetings and the socials. Uncle Frank and his friends were usually the life of the party. There were quartets which he formed including at various times himself, Dave McClure, Earl Perry, Will Schaff, Al Kuehnle and others. There was Lew Owen who worked with Father and often came to our house evenings where he would join us all in a parcheesi game on the sitting room table under the hanging lamp. Also there were Jennie's and Jessie's boy friends. I liked them all and always wanted to be one of those present when they came to see the girls. Jennie and Jessie were very popular at that time. At eleven years I remember going to Uncle Frank's and Aunt Cora's wedding at the church.

When I was thirteen or fourteen Father lost the election for City Engineer and he and Mr. E. E. Clark opened up an engineering office of their own in the Spitzer Building, just newly built. Lew Owen worked for them. Several years of depression came on and Father suffered business reverses. Life became full of problems for him from then on.

## Depression and Illness 1896 - 1906

The winter of 1895-96 was especially cold and there was widespread unemployment with soup and bread lines in all the cities. Ruth was born in September, and in December Grandmother Wickenden became very ill with pneumonia. Mother had a hard time. On December 31st I had gone out on a very cold day to see a friend of mine but she wasn't home. By the time I reached our house again I was thoroughly chilled and that night became violently ill with pneumonia, although Doctor

Wilson diagnosed it as acute inflammation of the liver. I remember distinctly how very ill I was and I did not get better. Finally, after I had been in bed a number of weeks the doctors decided that I had empyema, wet pleurisy they called it then, and they did not know what to do for me.

When I was so ill that I was about to die Dr. Wilson brought in two other doctors for consultation. I can see them yet, three old men in long Prince Albert coats standing around my bed and looking solemn, but not one of them having the least idea of what to do for me. Probably also they were full of whiskey, judging from what I knew about them later. Finally in desperation Father called in Doctor Beckwith, a young doctor recently out of medical school. As soon as he saw me he said, "We must drain off the fluid at once" and proceeded to order boiling water and other necessities for the operation. That afternoon Drs. Beckwith and Wilson, assisted by Dr. Wilson's colored coachman and various members of the family, all crowded into the little bedroom over the dining room, drained off a large amount of pus from the lung cavity. At that first operation he went in with a trocar without anesthetic of any kind but I was too sick to care what happened. I knew I was very ill and that probably I was going to die. The lung itself was so crushed that the doctors feared it never would expand again. In two weeks the lung had filled again and the operation had to be repeated. The lung cavity kept on refilling with pus and the doctor finally went in under a rib, again without anesthetic, and inserted a small rubber tube which kept slipping out of place. One day it disappeared inside the incision and the doctor had to probe around for it. These operations took place on my bed, Father holding me up with my back toward the edge of the bed. Recovery came very slowly and as I look back on it now it seems that I lost just about ten years out of my life. I was too much of an invalid to share very much in the companionship of the group of my age.

I tried once more to go back to high school and pick up my studies but each time I had another breakdown. In the winter of 1900-1901 I was so wretched that the doctor was afraid that I might develop T. B. and advised a change of climate. It was impossible for anyone of the family to go with me and Father was hard up financially as always in those days. The only relative we had in the west was Grandmother Consaul's sister, Aunt Paulina Oles, who at that time was keeping house for her bachelor son in Oklahoma. After some exchange of letters it was arranged for me to go out there.

I was twenty, never had been away from my family, and I was frighened at the prospect of taking this long journey alone. In those days a few dollars could be saved on railroad fare by buying transportation through "ticket scalpers", as was done in my case. I left Toledo one night in February 1901 and had to change during the night at some point in Indiana, but arrived safely in St. Louis the next morning. There I had to pick up the rest of my ticket, and after a few hours wait boarded a Rock Island train for Jefferson, Grant County, Oklahoma, where I arrived the next morning. I was greatly relieved to find Cousin "Perley" waiting for me. We then had to drive

eighteen miles to reach his farm.

At the farm I found myself in a new world with few of the conveniences we had at home and at first I was terribly lost. Fortunately I was able to take the new experiences as an adventure. Aunt Paulina was a comfort and in spite of having lived through many years of hardship she had a cheerful, happy disposition. She was older than Grandmother Consaul and had been married when only fourteen to Russell Oles.

Aunt Paulina and her husband lived by the Black Swamp in the Toledo area where nearly everyone had malaria which was called "the ague." Her first babies died in infancy. Later the family moved to Michigan where a number of children were born. In 1870 they moved to Kansas. The older daughters were married by this time and the sons, Maurice, William and Perl grew up on a farm near Cottonwood Falls, Kansas. Maurice became a Free Methodist preacher. He married young and had a large family. The last I knew of them they were living in New Mexico. Will Oles married but had no children, and Perl never married. He was a peculiar, frustrated person, homely and awkward, but worked hard cultivating his 160 acre claim with little equipment and little cash. He had learned the carpenter's trade and occasionally would earn a little money that way. He had built a two room house on his claim but only the larger room was plastered. As that northern part of Oklahoma had been opened for settlement only a very few years, many families were still living in sod houses or crude shacks, so Perl's frame house with two rooms was better than the average.

My new life on the prairies, eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, was as different from life at 602 Starr Avenue as anything one could imagine. The country had had settlers for only three or four years, and everybody was poor. I remember Father had agreed to pay Perley and Aunt Paulina $2.00 a week for my board and that was quite a sum for them. In fact, I think it was about all the cash they had to spend for groceries for all of us. They had a few chickens and usually there was a cow and milk. The country was overrun with jack rabbits which made it hard to raise much garden stuff. However, Aunt Paulina had several gallons of pickles and a few sand hill plums canned without sugar which they could not afford to buy. Until summer came there were no fresh vegetables. Salt pork, white beans, bread, eggs and an occasional chicken made up the usual diet. In spite of diet limitations I began to grow a little stronger and think that just getting out of the rut I was in at home, where I felt myself to be an invalid and was treated as one by all the family, did as much for me as any change of climate could do.

The country was rolling prairie land, much of it still uncultivated. I had been there only a short time when I saw a prairie fire sweeping across the country toward our place. Perl and his neighbors rushed for their plows to plow up a strip wide enough so that the flames could not jump across. Another time I saw a dust storm and no matter how tightly all doors and windows were closed the dust came in thick over everything.

We were three miles from the post office at Hawley which was

just a cross roads place with a store, a blacksmith shop, a half dozen houses and a church. Going to church was the high spot of the week but usually we went in for mail two or three times a week also. There were few diversions but occasionally someone would have a "party," usually with no refreshments.

Through the school term of six months we boarded the teacher and that winter Perl also had a hired man. Aunt Paulina, the teacher and I had the bed room and Perl and the man slept in the bed in the other room which was also kitchen, dining room and living room. The teacher was Albia Houska, a Catholic of Bohemian descent. I spent a weekend in her home near Enid, Oklahoma. At that time Enid consiste only of a few one-story frame buildings built around an open square. There were no pavements and the mud in the street was literally up to our shoe tops.

After I had been in Oklahoma nearly seven months I came home for the month of September and then returned and stayed until the following May. When Perley drove me into the railroad in September we learned that President McKinley had been assassinated the day before. Two years later I spent another winter in Oklahoma but was glad to come home again. It did not seem quite so much of an adventure that winter. One interesting experience was the visit to the Salt Plains, some 10 or 12 miles west, all white salt as far as one could see. In the wind it looked like snow and it was dangerous to drive over as there were quicksand spots.

In the spring of 1898 I had gone back to high school again trying to make up some of my work but could not keep it up very long. It was that spring and summer that the Spanish-American War excitement came on. Some of the young men in our church were enlisting and one day (and I did not tell Mother about this) another girl and I went to the Armory where the men were being mobilized, to see if we could find any of our friends. We were admitted and fortunately found a man we knew who realized that two young girls had no business being in a hubbub like that in the Armory. Anyway, he showed us around and saw us safely out of the door again. For us girls of seventeen it was very romantic and thrilling. A day or so after that the regiment marched to the train and was sent off to some camp. Not many of the men ever saw actual war although some did go to Cuba or Porto Rico, among them Lloyd Whitcomb who later married Aunt Jessie. But the man we girls saw at the Armory never did get back as he died of some disease contracted at the camp at Chickamauga where sanitary conditions were so bad.

## 1902 - 1910

When I came home from Oklahoma Will was in Denison and Ida was about ready to finish high school. The big disappointment of my life was having to give up school, and especially college. Occasionally I was able to visit in Granville, once in the Thornton home when Will was a student, and later with Ida in her dormitory. I tried to keep in touch with what was going on there as much as I could.

When Ida was getting ready to enter college I helped make her

clothes and I fear her wardrobe was far from adequate. Later, in 1907, when she was preparing for China I again helped with her sewing and packing, but my own life seemed rather drab in comparison to what Will and Ida were doing.

It was when I was about twenty-five that Bess Quaife, who was then employed in the office of the Y.M.C.A., suggested that I come and help with addressing envelopes and some filing during a financia campaign that was in progress. I did that for a few weeks and the few dollars that I earned looked big to me. I was so thrilled to find that I was able to do the work. Later my friend Alice Lampman found a similar job for me at the Ransom and Randolph Co., a wholesale dental manufacturing firm. I earned about $7 a week and was happy to be doing something regularly. I believe I worked there a year or more.

During summer vacation in that period Alice Lampman invited me to go with her to the Soo in northern Michigan. We were to visit sc friends, and Alice's uncle, who was an official in the Pittsburgh St ship Co., had arranged for us to come back as far as Detroit on a freighter. The freighter was bound for Buffalo and had a tow at the end of a big cable following behind. We had two nights on the boat and then as we came down the Detroit River a mail launch came out to meet us. The freighter did not even slacken speed but a ladder was held over the side by the deck hands and we girls gingerly climb down, one at a time, hoping that the launch would still be there whe we had to jump off the end of the ladder. The rather high waves kep the launch rolling and the ladder had to be lifted and lowered as the launch bobbed up and down. While visiting these friends at the Soo about 8 miles down from the city, we had a number of interesting rides up and down the St Mary's River in their launch, one night getting lost in a heavy fog. We found we were going around in a circle because we passed the same channel light twice, so one of the boys hung a lantern over the bow of the boat and kept the boat going down stream by following the lines of seaweed in the current of the river. Another experience was going through the locks in the launch. At that time there were only two parallel locks on the American side and only one on the Canadian side of the river with a broad expanse of swift rapids in between. One day we went through the rapids in a big Indian canoe with an Indian to guide it. That was in the summer of 1906 or 1907, as I recall.

It was in the summer of 1907 that we were all so interested in Ida's prospective trip to China in the coming autumn. The sewing, packing the big trunks, the farewell parties and talks all were important. The last picnic that we had at Lakeside, when Justin Nixon and his sister came, was especially memorable. We all went on the recently constructed Toledo-Lakeside Interurban Railway line, the building which father had engineered, and had a picnic dinner on the rocks of the shore.

The last five or six years of Grandmother Wickenden's life were very difficult for Mother. I was not much account, and there was a large family to care for with never quite enough money to meet the necessary expenses. Grandmother had a series of slight strokes,

and during the last year of her life she was completely paralyzed. Mother had but little help either for the housework or for the nursing.

During these years Father's business ventures were many and varied. Through all the ups and downs Lew Owen stood by faithfully as his assistant. I do not recall them in detail, but at one period there was a bridge to be built near Hillsboro, Ohio. Another time they were building a bridge or some construction work at Romney, West Virginia. Then there was construction of a grain elevator in St. Louis, Missouri. In one interval between contracts he was Park Engineer for the city of Toledo, and the developing of Ottawa Park and Jermain Park came under his supervision. One of his most satisfactory projects was the building of the Toledo Lakeside Interurban Line. Fortunately, his later years were on a regular salary. At times I know there was scarcely any income at all, for I remember his telling in later years that during that winter when Ruth was a baby and both grandmother and I were so ill his income barely averaged $25 a month.

While he always seemed like a rather rugged man physically, yet when a young man in his early thirties he had what was evidently an ulcer somewhere in his digestive tract. Mother had to be very careful of his diet, and I remember he had a good many broiled steaks and malted things to drink. He avoided everything of an acid nature. Whenever there was an influenza epidemic he always had a serious attack.

Will and Marion were married in September 1908 and went to live in Madison, Wisconsin. They invited me to come out to visit them in April, and I was with them when Betty was born some weeks later. I was supposed to be helping Marion, but I can't recall that I did very much. However, I greatly enjoyed being with them, and the new contacts among their neighbors and faculty friends inspired me to read more and develop new interests. While I was there I was invited to go with them and the Steen family for a camping experience in a cottage out on Lake Mendota, which was a very enjoyable experience. Since Will was soon to leave the university there for another position at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I stayed on with them until they came on east.

After the Madison visit I realized my need for an aim in life and became very anxious to take some kind of a training course, but not having a high school diploma few lines were open to me. Finally I heard of a two year course that was being given at the Battle Creek Sanitarium in dietetics for which no high school diploma was required, and after some correspondence I decided to try it.

My friend Ida Jarrett had, some years before, finished high school and had started to take a nursing course. First, she spent a year at the old Maternity Hospital in Toledo, but eventually she went to New York and entered Roosevelt Hospital from which she graduated. Before entering Roosevelt she had worked for a summer at Sea Side Hospital at New Dorp, Staten Island. She suggested that I apply for work there in the diet kitchen where all the form-

ulas for the sick babies in this children's hospital were prepared. I was very glad to go and during three months of that summer of 1910 I saved a little money for my expenses at Battle Creek. By this time I was nearing my thirtieth birthday. On arriving at Battle Creek I found that most of my classmates were as old or older than I was and many of them had even less formal schooling. We all helped to pay our tuition by waiting on tables in the big Sanitarium Dining Room, and we were housed in one of the older buildings where the less prosperous Sanitarium patients stayed. We had our meals in a cafeteria provided for the many nurses and helpers working in the institution.

The year 1913 stands out as a very special year in my life. I had had one year of the course at Battle Creek and had the fall term of my second year when our Director told me that a request had come from the National Cash Register Co. at Dayton, Ohio for a dietitian to be an assistant to the manager of the commissary department, and she wanted me to go. I was reluctant to go since I felt so unprepared, but finally I went and began my duties there on January 1. The man I was to assist did not want an assistant, but he was very polite, gave me a desk and left me to my own devices. The department was quite extensive with thirty or more helpers. Lunches were served in a large dining room to all the officers and foremen and were also sent out in carts to the various buildings where girls were working. I made the acquaintance of all the helpers and lent a hand where needed, and I occasionally made some suggestions about the menus. The president of the company, Mr. Patterson, was somewhat hipped on dieting, and he gave the orders about what to have or not have. Anyway, I was there and was being paid $50 a month (good pay then), and as my living expenses were only $10 a month, I was able to save a little money.

I had been there only three months when the terrible 1913 flood hit Dayton. The National Cash Register was the headquarters for all the relief work since it was the only place in the city that was not flooded. Moreover, a little one-horse railroad into the plant was the only way relief could get in. Our department head and about half the helpers had not been able to get to the plant, so in the meantime I had to direct the few helpers that we had. Relief workers called for coffee, and flood refugees were brought into the buildings until by night there were a thousand or more homeless people there to be fed and cared for. We had no gas in the ranges on which to cook, but we did have four large steam jacketed kettles, and for a week all the cooking for the whole city had to be done in them. I started one kettle for coffee which was kept going twenty-four hours a day for two weeks, another one for bean soup, another one for smoked hams, eight or ten at a time, and the fourth for whatever else could be found to cook. For two nights I did not go to bed. By that time the Red Cross had come in and taken over the organization for relief, but we all worked long hours for the next two weeks. It was terrific, and my part in it was something to remember.

That year, 1913, was the one for which Father had been making

plans for Mother and himself to have the long-looked-forward-to trip to England. He had never been back since he had come over here in 1870, and he had made his plans with much happy anticipation, especially as that was the summer that Ida was returning home by way of Siberia, Europe and England. But the same flood that devastated Dayton wrecked all his plans also. He was at that time Maintenance Engineer for The Miami and Erie Canal which was still being used for transportation. The high water had so damaged the canal banks that he said it would take his crews all summer to make the necessary repairs. Consequently his plans for England had to be given up, and he never made the trip he had so eagerly anticipated.

Since I, on my princely salary of $50 per month, had been able to save a little he suggested that I go to England to meet Ida and that he would help me out financially. The Cash Register people agreed to let me have the time off and so, as surprised as anyone could be, I found myself making plans for a trip abroad and sailed from Boston on June 10. Will and Marion were living there then and saw me off. When the boat pulled away from the pier and I realized that I didn't know even one person on board and that I was cutting myself off completely from family and friends, I had almost a panicky feeling. But within an hour I had found three other young women, each of whom was traveling alone. The week proved to be one of the most enjoyable I ever had, but even so, the voyage narrowly escaped having a tragic ending. We had had such good weather that we had made exceptionally good time, and on the morning of the last day we were at least six hours ahead of our schedule, but we were found to be six miles off course. It was a calm,sunny morning and we were clipping along, but suddenly the ship stopped and shook in every timber, and as we looked out just a few feet away was the huge rock on which is Fastnet Light. Just ahead of us water was tumbling over rocks. The lighthouse keeper called to the captain asking, "How much water do you draw?" Our captain replied, "28 feet." Then the keeper said, "Well, you have 30." It seems a light fog had shrouded the rock and we were right on it before it was seen. It was a miracle that we could get in and out of such a tight situation without having any damage.

The next morning I arrived in London at 4 A.M., with no busses, no trams, no underground running until 6 A.M. We were at Paddington Station and two kind gentlemen who had been fellow passengers offered to stay with me until I could get a train for Rochester. It was broad daylight, so being characteristically American, the three of us started out for a walk, much to the amazement of the London Bobbies. We walked to Kensington Park in the Mayfair section and saw behind the tall iron fence with locked gates a beautifully kept dog's cemetery, while on the outside of the fence derelict human beings were sleeping, slumped over on iron benches.

Not knowing just what day Ida was to reach London after her long journey through Siberia and Europe, I went on to our cousins, the Edmonds, in Rochester. At noon a message came from Ida who

had also arrived in London that very morning. The next morning she came out to Rochester and we met after her six year absence. I had forgotten the sound of her voice and that seemed strange. We had five wonderful weeks together. Following a visit with the Rochester cousins we spent four days in Paris and the remaining time in England, Scotland and Wales, including a very delightful visit of several days with Cousin John Poynter in Oswestry.

1916 - 1959

In September I returned to Dayton, then to Battle Creek in January 1914 where I finished my studies. On completion I was asked to take charge of the cafeteria at the Y.M.C.A. there. After a year and a half I resigned, but I was asked to stay on for several more months, which I did. That was in 1916, and I had a few days leave so that I could go to Tom's and Dee's wedding at Covington, Ohio on March 9th. That was the day that changed my life completely.

The first person I met in Covington was a cousin of Dee's, a Mr. Stephen Ogden of Ashland, Kentucky. He was very pleasant and agreeable. The wedding, of course, was the big event of the day, and early the next morning Mr. Ogden left for Kentucky and I departed for Battle Creek. A letter arrived a few days later, all unexpectedly, and more letters continued to come. In June we arranged to meet for a day or so at Tom's and Dee's home in South Bend, Indiana. In July when I was at Lakeside he came up for a few days and at that time we settled the matter of an engagement. On September 5, 1916 we were married, a little less than six months after we first met, having seen each other only three times!

James Stephen Ogden, Jr. was born November 10, 1917. Stephen and I had over thirty-three years together with many pleasures and many problems. The happiness and satisfactions outweighed the problems, as I realize now when I look back. Stephen died on February 15, 1950, and on October 1st of that same year I began the finishing chapter of my life at Foster Memorial Home in Huntington, West Virginia. It was good to have Steve and Ruth, with Nancy and Susan, so near that they could come to see me often.

In looking back over the years of our family life so many memories come to mind of our growing up in the home at 602 Starr Avenue. An ever present fact for all of us was the ringing of the bell in the Catholic Church across the way. We got up by it, ate by it, and went to school by it for many, many years. At home there was always a houseful of us, eleven when Grandmother was with us, and preparing meals for that number was a problem. We all remember the huge pans of dough for the bread bakings and Father kneading the dough for Mother with his large hands. I remember the hot days in summer when the winter supply of canned fruits and jellies was prepared. There were the Saturday night suppers of baked beans and brown bread, and the Sunday night suppers when the English blue china was used and we all sang Grace together.

The old organ and mother's piano were always a part of the

family background and pleasure. Father loved to sing with Mother playing for him. "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep", "A Sailor's Wife" and "O Rest in the Lord" were among his favorites. There were the books of poetry on the parlor table and Uncle Rob's pictures on the walls with the old duck picture also. There was the old center table with the hanging lamp over it, oil at first, later gas, then electricity. Many games were played on that table in the evenings as Mother sat nearby with her darning. An outstanding memory is Tom building his boat, the false start in the attic, the rib steaming days, stitching the sail in the backyard, the Fourth of July launching and the capsizing in the river. Homer's "pipe organ" building is another vivid memory, also Arthur's patient reading of the Old Testament every night to Grandmother.

There was the old apricot tree which came to a spectacular end one Sunday noon when it quietly toppled over, a solid mass of full bloom. Remembered also are the old mulberry tree, the grape vines in the back yard, and the old rose bush in the side yard whose original root came from the grave of Grandmother's two children buried in England. We did not have many pets, but at one time there was a dog named Sport, and later a cat named Rhubarb which the boys called Pie Plant. I remember our old horse Dollie, but Dollie had long since gone when the younger children came along. Old Dollie made many trips to the Ironville Sunday School on Sunday afternoons when Willie and I often went along. That was one of Father's projects that he kept up for many years. He was always interested and active in the Toledo Baptist Association and occasionally would preach the sermon for some church without a pastor at the time. He had an open and inquiring mind, and the fact that he was able to develop into a competent engineer, with no formal schooling after he was twelve years of age showed his innate ability.

While there were not many financially prosperous periods in our family history, yet we were not allowed to grumble much about that. Mother managed always to serve three nourishing meals a day with pie for Sunday. Now that I observe the hit and miss meal habits of many modern families, I admire Mother for insisting that we all sit down together three times a day in the dining room. Once during house cleaning we ate in the kitchen. It seemed like an adventure and a novelty, and we asked why we didn't eat that way every day. Mother replied, "I'm afraid if I let you eat in the kitchen every day you would grow up with kitchen manners."

The ideal of an education at all costs was held up to us always, and both Father and Mother took much pride in the fact that the other seven of you went to Denison University. As for me, it was always a major disappointment that I could not go there also.

In later years Father was one of the moving spirits in organizing and carrying on the East Side Research Club. I realize now that this was an unusual project for busy men to give time and study to writing thoughtful papers on many subjects.

It is good to remember that after all the years of sacrifice

and struggle to raise and educate the family that our parents were relieved somewhat of financial pressure and were able to take a few trips together before Father's health failed, through the Great Lakes, to California and the Canadian Rockies. Also they rejoiced in knowing that each of the eight children had made happy homes for themselves and that there were grandchildren coming along to carry on family hopes and aspirations. Each lived seventy-one years, but they lived fully every one of those years.

---

Lottie departed this life on November 23, 1959.

James Stephen Ogden, Jr. married Ruth Hensley of Ashland, Kentucky on June 6, 1944. Their family includes two daughters by adoption, Nancy Lynn, born January 24, 1950, and Susan Leslie, born February 7, 1952.

The brothers and sisters with husbands and wives at the Granville Inn, June 1946.
*Standing:* (Left to right) Leslie Winans, Ethel Wickenden, Fred Klag, Marion Wickenden, Stephen Ogden, Dee Wickenden, Justin Nixon, Mira Wickenden
*Seated:* Ruth Winans, Arthur, Dorothy Klag, William, Lottie Ogden, Thomas, Ida Nixon, Homer

# William Elgin Wickenden

*Chronicled by Marion Lamb Wickenden*

On December 24, 1882 William was ushered into the world in Toledo, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a speech upon his lips.

At the age of three, so it is reliably reported, he regaled audiences from a soap box with bursts of oratory patterned after the manner of the incumbent preacher of the Second Baptist Church. Besides possessing a tendency to vocalize, he was born with a fighting spirit. Mother Wickenden once told me that he could bang his head on the stone walk in front of the house and scream with more violence than any of her other children when in a state of annoyance with the world, a characteristic which doubtless stood him in good stead in later years.

I do not know which one of the boys was hauled home from the Franklin School by an irate mother to hang up his nightshirt, but William was ever neat and tidy. His methodical habits were approved by Mother Lamb, who claimed she set her clocks by the timing of the daily newspapers which he dropped at our door each afternoon. He must have been somewhat studious, too, because he graduated from the Toledo High School as valedictorian of his class.

There was much family discussion as to whether he should go to college, not so much as to where the money to send him would come from, as to whether the family could get along without whatever wages he might bring home. His summer earnings as a draftsman with the Toledo Bridge Company at a dollar a day, netted him enough to buy a suit of clothes, and with sixty-five dollars in his pocket, he went to Denison University. It was an important decision, as we recall the twenty or more members of the Wickenden clan, who following in his footsteps, have brought credit to the institution and luster to the family name.

Money was a very scarce commodity in those days. William's jobs were many and varied. He helped pay expenses as a "printer's devil" for the Granville Times, the village newspaper. He wore shirt "fronts" instead of shirts. There was neither time nor money for the corner drug store, except behind the counter occasionally. He spent his summers working in the Engineering Department of the City of Toledo. Sometimes he also spent hours in the Wickenden kitchen, acquiring a proficiency in household management. He used to recall one Fourth of July when Father Wickenden almost ruined his standing as a satisfactory parent by appearing

with a couple of bushels of cherries he had picked up at a roadside stand because they were cheap. The reason for the low price tag was that they had to be canned immediately, holiday or not.

William never had but one girl. His first date with her was in his senior year in high school, but throughout their early school and college days, it was always "Will and Marion." It was just understood. He never had a chance, poor fellow. We were married in September 1908 in the Baptist Church in Toledo, Homer playing the organ.

Our meager lares and penates were set up in Madison, Wisconsin where William taught in the Electrical Engineering Department of the university. Two events of the first year stand out in my memory, Betty's arrival and William's daily battles with a balky furnace in one of Wisconsin's coldest winters.

Our two years there were followed by nine years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, during which time William became an assistant professor of Electrical Engineering and we lived in West Roxbury.

In 1913 Bill was added to our growing list of assets.

It was at this point that we felt the need of larger quarters and William set about the designing and building of a house to meet the requirements of his particular family. With no architect and with no plans other than his own, he and the builder did a very satisfactory job, so much so that when it became necessary to sell the house,the first prospect who looked at it bought it in spite of its unique features, or perhaps because of them.

The children's room on the first floor caused much comment. The entry hall had two doors, one of which opened into the living room and the other one into the children's room. One side of the children's room was lined with low bookcases, shelves and drawers. The tables and the chairs were low, as were the hooks for the coats and caps. Adjoining was the children's lavatory. Proper lighting was planned. The children decided what pictures were to hang on the walls and when they were to be changed.

There was much shaking of heads over the decision of a husband that a wife's height should be considered in building a house for her. William followed me around day and night with a measuring stick to make sure that in the future I could dispense with the daily use of the step-ladder.

He threw himself with great enthusiasm into the planning of the kitchen. The sink, the working space and the shelves were exactly the right height. All hooks were within easy reach. He even planned the windows so that the cross-bars would not be on a line with my eyes, thus obstructing my view of the garden as I kneaded the bread and rolled out the pies! Such loving devotion should have been rewarded by a string of blue ribbons from the county fair, but my memory fails me at this juncture.

We belonged to a jolly group of young people who called themselves "The Night Outers." We met once a month for informal fun and originality was its chief characteristic. This group decided that the Wickendens should have a housewarming.

It took the form of a summer camping party, although it was December. The furniture was taken from the living room. Pine trees were brought in from the woods and a small tent was set up. Printed signs directed the guests to PURE DRINKING WATER, a bucket and dipper on the stairway under some branches; to LOVERS' LANE; to THE OLE SWIMMING HOLE; to THE COOK-OUT; or to GENTLEMEN'S WALK.

All of the guests had arrived in summer camping clothes, each bringing a literary effusion and a log or a few twigs to throw upon the fire as he expressed his good wishes. Amid much song and laughter the biscuits, which William and a fellow camper had mixed, were baked in an outdoor oven before the fire. When they were a golden brown, tin pie plates and tin coffee cups were produced, and to the biscuits were added butter and maple syrup poured from the can.

William was always at his best in such a gathering. He had an unlimited capacity for enjoyment. His gaiety, his songs and his jokes must have been missed by his fellow "Night Outers" when we changed our place of residence from West Roxbury, Massachusetts to Upper Montclair, New Jersey. It was not a one-sided regret. We never again belonged to such an uninhibited group. Maybe it was just the exuberance of youth that made it such fun.

It was in 1918 that the decision was made to leave the teaching world for that of business. William became Personnel Manager for the Western Electric Company in New York City. Three years later he was made Assistant Vice President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

For the next ten years we made our home in Upper Montclair where William became active in civic and church affairs. Not all of these were of a serious nature. Looking back over the years, it is the amusing and often trivial experiences that come to mind. I remember particularly an evening of entertainment at the church. William and three of our neighbors, two lawyers and an advertising man, engaged in a debate on the subject "Resolved that newspapers do more harm than good." One of the arguments broached by William had to do with a broken windowpane stuffed with a newspaper in the neighbor's house directly opposite our bedroom window. William probably knew what he was trying to prove - he usually did - but I don't myself know which thesis he was upholding. At any rate, it was quite a hilarious evening and everybody including the debaters had a good time.

His work with the telephone company involved a great deal of travel. One summer it sent William (and me, who always seemed to be in the offing at travel time) on a wonderful trip to the West Coast, stopping in city after city to study the working methods of the company and to be duly feted and corsaged. William justified the excellent meals by his fine speeches. Marion earned the corsages by listening to the same stories night after night. I have always felt guilty about that particular trek because the company never did profit by it. Immediately thereafter William was called upon to undertake a six year study of Engineering Education under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation. He never

went back into the telephone company. We must owe them something.

I think that the investigation of engineering education was the hardest assignment of his life, especially the European part of the study. However, the results were published in two volumes which became the standard classic of the profession. We lived a year and a half in Europe, Betty and Bill spending a year in schools in Switzerland, and William becoming a long distance commuter. Christmas at St. Moritz, Easter in Rome and summer vacations spent in England, France and Italy made the difficulties of the job seem less formidable. It was a worthwhile experience because he came to know the problems of engineering education in both Europe and the United States as no one else had ever done. He became the authority in the profession on the subject.

In 1929 he went to Cleveland to become president of Case Institute of Technology, a post which he held for eighteen years. These were busy, active years of achievement - sometimes of disappointment. Many honors came to him. He received honorary doctor's degrees from Case, Western Reserve, Denison, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Tulane University, Oberlin, the University of Wisconsin, Bucknell, Toledo University, Otterbein, Lafayette College and Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He received the Lamme Medal from the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education. The Chamber of Commerce of Cleveland awarded him a medal for his civic accomplishments. The Case Alumni Association conferred a Meritorious Service Award for his leadership in college affairs.

He was past president of the Ohio College Association, Vice President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and Chairman of the American Council on Education. He was a director of the Apex Electrical and Manufacturing Company, The Equity Savings and Loan Company, a trustee of Case, of Lake Erie College for Women, and the Cleveland Clinic.

In 1945 he was elected president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. In this capacity he (meaning we) travelled some forty thousand miles, mostly by air, visiting hundreds of colleges and chapters of the organization, including some in Mexico and Canada.

During all of these years, we had many fine vacations in many places before September 1938 when we bought "The Clearing" in Jaffrey, New Hampshire for the family summer home. William loved this place. He escaped to it as often as he could. He used to say that he knew every inch of the roads between Cleveland and Jaffrey. His garden was his pride and joy, and his specialties were red raspberries and sweet peas.

In May 1933 to his great satisfaction he acquired Tex Goldschmidt as a son-in-law, and in due season Pat, Ann and Jean as interesting and rewarding grandchildren. In January 1944 he welcomed Bill's pretty and capable wife, Peggy, into the family circle.

The times when we were all together at Jaffrey were happy ones for him. I like to remember him as he looked, sitting on the wide

open porch in the early evening watching the sun go down behind Mt. Monadnock, spreading an afterglow of mauves and pinks across the skies.

It seemed tragic that death should claim him within a few hours of the time that his official retirement as president of Case went into effect. On August twentieth, 1947, while vacationing in Jaffrey, he suffered a heart attack which resulted in his death in the hospital in nearby Peterborough on September the first. The trustees of Case have honored his years of effort on behalf of the college by dedicating the beautiful new Electrical Engineering Building on the campus to him. On a bronze plaque in the lobby of the building is engraved the following inscription:

April 18, 1955

> This building is dedicated to the memory of William E. Wickenden, 1882-1947, who served Case faithfully as its third president from 1929 until 1947. His career as an electrical engineer, teacher, scholar and educational and civic leader offers an example for generations of Case students. His unselfish devotion to this college and to engineering education symbolized his own belief that "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

---

Marion passed away in Bronxville, New York on August 26, 1961. To Will and Marion were born a daughter, Elizabeth, on May 8, 1909 at Madison, Wisconsin, and a son, William Clarence, on April 14, 1913 at Boston, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth married Arthur Edward Goldschmidt in New York on May 27, 1933. They are the parents of three children all born in Washington,D. C., including Arthur E., Jr. on March 17, 1938; Ann Wickenden on February 13, 1942; and Jean Wickenden on September 9, 1943. Arthur E. Goldschmidt, Jr. married Louise Robb in Westfield, Massachusetts, on June 17, 1961. William Clarence Wickenden married Margaret Elsie Papen on January 22, 1944, at Worcester, Massachusetts.

# Ida Wickenden Nixon

Looking back over more than seventy years, how does one begin the story of one's life?

I was born February 11, 1886. My first memory is of Lakeside, of walking across a plank to get to a basin in which to wash my hands. I was about three. Many happy memories of Lakeside follow across the years.

We were rich in having two grandmothers to tell us stories from their childhood. Grandmother Consaul told of the log cabin and bears in the woods, and Grandmother Wickenden of her childhood days in Canada among the Indians and of the shipwreck on the return journey to England.

I was an extremely shy child and it was painful for me to meet strangers. How I ever got up courage to ask to be baptized and join the church when I was eight, I don't know. But I was determined to do it and remember going with father to meet the deacons and sitting on his lap while they questioned me. I was immersed in the old Second Baptist Church during the evening service on the Sunday after my eighth birthday. Mother wrapped me in a big coat and hurried me home to be dried, warmed and put to bed.

I remember Saturday night baths in a wash tub by the kitchen stove before the bathroom was put in. When the bathroom was installed Mother remarked sarcastically that she had survived an outdoor toilet, but her weakling children had to have the comfort of one indoors. The winter Grandma Wickenden and Lottie were both so ill, we used the outdoor one to avoid the noise the indoor one made.

Summers at Lakeside were a great joy. When I was sixteen, Tom and I were put in charge of the younger children while Mother stayed at home. Baker's bread was not fit to eat at that time so I made bread, struggling with the old gasoline stove, and often despaired of keeping up with the appetites for bread and "Lakeside Applesauce."

When hard times caught up with us I wonder how Mother ever managed. She told me once long afterward that she had fed a family of ten on a dollar a day during that period and always had milk for the children. She added with triumph in her voice, "And we always had pie for Sunday dinner." Suddenly I saw how the pie that I had taken for granted had meant to her a standard lived up to and that it really was an achievement.

I felt the financial pinch in the matter of clothes. For years mine were all handed down from Lottie or made over from Aunt Jennie's or Aunt Jessie's. Things must have been looking up when I graduated from high school because I had two new dresses made by a dressmaker for class day and commencement. They served as my party dresses through three years of college.

During my high school period my social life was centered in the church and our home. An occasional church social and Thursday evening prayer meeting were the extent of my diversions. I did not have any "boy friends." I remember one boy of my age from the Church who came to call one evening. I thought he came to see me, but father assumed he had come to see him and took charge of the conversation.

I wanted to go to college but didn't dream it possible, as I could not work my way as Will had, but father managed it. When I think of that shy, socially inept girl, I don't wonder that Will tried to coach me for the experiences ahead. He overdid it in spots but on the whole it helped. Lottie made me a new skirt and some blouses and packed my trunk for me, and I set out with my heart in my mouth. Mrs. Hunt, the matron, told me later that when she first saw me she thought I would not last two weeks because I was such a scared thing. But it never occurred to me to quit.

At the end of my junior year I was elected President of the YWCA, President of Senior Girls and Vice-President of Student Government. The girl elected President of Student Government did not return in September. I wanted to resign but the Dean, Miss Barker, made it clear she expected me to carry through, so I carried that responsibility too. Apparently I kept up my class work, for afterwards I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

I began to date the latter half of my freshman year and dated a variety of men. In May '05 I had a date with one Justin Wroe Nixon. His younger sister, Esther, had told me all about him, how brilliant he was and how when he had a date it took the cooperation of the whole family to get him ready. I remember thinking "I pity the girl who marries him." He asked me to go with him to the Cicero banquet. I was rather appalled when I found I was going with the toastmaster and would be sitting at the head table, but I had a good time and have sat at many a head table with him since.

The YWCA was my chief extracurricular interest, and I was active in it from the first. I joined the Student Volunteer Band and planned to go to India as a missionary. The spring of 1906 the Student Volunteer Convention was held in Nashville and Will, understanding brother that he was, sent me the money to go. This was a high point in my college experience. I got a wider vision of Christianity and of the work it had to do. Again I met Justin Nixon, we walked home from meeting together and had a day in Mammouth Cave on our way north.

I had majored in biology under C. J. Herrick. As graduation approached, I was looking for a position to teach science or

mathematics. Hearing a missionary, Mr. Sweet, on the need for a teacher in a girls' school in Hangchow, China, I offered my services. In spite of my twenty-one years, the Board gave me the appointment and late in October '07 I sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Sweet and Mary Nourse for China. I was completely ignorant and was eager to learn.

The first year was spent almost completely in study. For diversion I taught the class in spherical geometry in English to the senior boys, and brushed up on my music so I could play the organ in church and chapel.

The following September Mary and I took over the Girls' School in a rented building which adjoined a large lot on which the school was to be built. We continued our language study and did all the teaching except classical Chinese and Chinese writing. With twenty-five girls enrolled the work covered eight grades of primary and secondary school. We set up housekeeping with a Chinese woman cook and maid, both with bound feet. We had no time to waste.

On several occasions thieves dug through the mud wall surrounding the building and entered at night. It was no joke to calm the frightened girls and servants and to search the house, armed with a croquet mallet. There were huge empty water jars, large enough to conceal a man, standing in dark corners, and the Chinese kitchen was full of hiding places. It all makes a good tale now.

In the spring of that year we built a brick residence on the adjoining land we owned. The contract and specifications were in Chinese. The Chinese contractor knew his business and was a whiz at figures, but he could not read or write. Most of the supervision fell to me. My Chinese teacher knew the individual Chinese characters but building terms were unfamiliar to him. All that I had unconsciously absorbed from Father's construction work came to my aid. After many exasperating and amusing experiences we got a sound house built, with fireplaces that did not smoke, and in September we moved in.

Keeping house without refrigeration was easy in the winter, but during the spring, summer and fall when meat either cooked or uncooked could not be kept overnight, it was not so simple. All drinking water had to be boiled and no raw vegetables could be eaten. The school rooms were unheated and in winter we did our teaching wearing fur-lined coats and shoes. I had to wear chamois gloves while playing the organ. We were plagued with chillblains, but these were minor inconveniences and really our life was very pleasant. In our residence we had fires in a fireplace or a sheet iron stove.

The girls were so eager to learn, so appreciative of this opportunity, that our work was a joy. They loved a joke and we had fun playing with them after school hours. Their backgrounds varied. Some were daughters of our Chinese pastors, some were from official families, and some were being educated by the families of their future husbands. They gave us a good, wide look into Chinese life. We visited in the homes of all who lived in the

city and came to appreciate their culture, art, literature and philosophy. In Confucianism we saw much of value, but in the Buddhist and Taoist religions as practiced we saw very little of value.

We visited the temples in the beauty spots around West Lake. One night just before dawn we attended the annual sacrifices and worship in honor of Confucius. It was a most impressive and colorful ceremony in which all the high officials of the province participated. We attended weddings, funerals and feasts.

We lived at first under the old Empress Dowager, then under the "Little Emperor", the last of the Manchus, and on through the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of the Republic under Sun Yat Sen, and the making of Yuan Shih Kai, Provisional President It was a time of great tension, of rumors and grapevine news, but there was little accurate information as to what was happening elsewhere. The folks at home had more reliable information in the American newspapers than we had. We saw Hangchow emptied of three-fourths of its population. The fact that we did not leave the city was a great comfort to people who could not flee. Actually, the transfer from Manchu to Chinese rule was accomplished there with no violence except the burning of the Governor's Yamen.

One year the rice crop failed and there was a slump in the silk market. This left the many silk workers without an income when rice was very high, so we organized relief work.

The Hangchow Union Girls School was organized in 1912, uniting two Presbyterian Schools and our Baptist School. My last year in Hangchow I was Acting Principal of the High School Department which was located in our building. I taught all the mathematics, science, music, some English and Bible. I also supervised the older girls in teaching Sunday School in one of our churches. It was a rich, busy life with not much time to get homesick. Sunday night, however, at bedtime, I used to stand on a little balcony facing East and think of Father at that same moment leading Sunday morning family prayers in the living room at 602 Starr Avenue.

Summer vacations were a necessity. I spent two summers at Mokansan, a nearby mountain resort, another summer in North China at Chefoo, and two more summers in Japan. I wanted to visit Peking, but it was too hot in the summer when I needed rest and in the cooler weather I was too busy.

In June 1913 my furlough being due, I came home across Siberia by train, a ten day journey on a wood burning train, through endless birch forests carpeted with lilies of the valley, and over the Ural Mountains with such a gradual rise that we were not conscious of climbing. We spent two days in Moscow sightseeing. We arrived in Berlin on the 25th anniversary of Kaiser Wilhelm's accession to the throne and were in time to see the last part of the military parade, with many soldiers in gorgeous dress uniforms which were all colors of the rainbow and covered with gold lace. Then on to England where Lottie met me. We had a wonderful month of travel, visiting in England and Scotland and four memorable days in Paris.

Justin and I had corresponded while I was in China. He had spent a day with Lottie almost every summer. She would read him my letters written only for family eyes and then she would write me all about his visit. Esther Nixon also kept me well informed. He came to Lakeside in August to see me and we were engaged before he left. We were married June 12, 1914, and as Justin loved to say, "Then the war started."

We spent more than forty very happy, interesting years together. The first two years we lived in Minneapolis where I learned to be a minister's wife in a small friendly church, and there John was born. Then came the move to Rochester where we made our home for the remainder of Justin's career. Eight years were spent as a professor's wife, a less demanding job, but with its opportunities and responsibilities for entertaining and being friends to students. We had the thrill of buying our first home, and during this period Charles, Elizabeth and Alice were born.

Then came thirteen years when Justin was Pastor of Brick Church. We needed a larger home and bought our dream house on Brightford Heights with plenty of space outside for the children to play and roam. There Justin Jr. was born.

These were busy years, trying to run the home, to meet the needs of all, and to give Justin the quiet and protection he needed in his study and at the same time keep up with all the expanding interests of the children, cub scouts, boy scouts, girl scouts, etc. Entertaining for the church and being entertained, trying to meet the various demands on the wife of the minister of a large downtown church, sharing in joy and sorrow the lives of a larger and larger number of people and coping with illness both unimportant and serious used all my time and strength.

There were school problems, colleges to be chosen, problems of dating, romances, engagements and finally weddings, always something new ahead to be learned and adjusted to. There were some wonderful summers in the Adirondacks, the best of which was the one when Ruth and Leslie and their three children joined us there. One summer Justin and I left the small children at home with a nurse and the older ones in camp while we went to Europe and had six weeks wandering around England and two weeks visiting in France.

In 1937, being very tired after carrying the problems of Brick Church and its large congregation through the depression years, Justin resigned his pastorate and accepted the chair of Christian Theology and Ethics at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. We changed our work but continued to live in the same house.

Grandmother Nixon joined our family and spent her last days with us. In 1945 Justin suffered a coronary occlusion and we were afraid to stay on our hilltop during the winter, so we sold our home and moved into the city. One by one the children left us and established their own homes.

I found time during the years to serve on the Board of the Women's City Club, and for nine years on the Board of the YWCA. I did a little work in the League of Women Voters, some work for

General Hospital through my "Twig", joined a reading club, and served on various committees in church work, etc.

When Justin retired in 1954 we went abroad for eleven months. We spent five months in Vienna studying German and enjoying music, drama and people. We had four months in Istanbul, Turkey, where Justin was interim minister of the English speaking Union Evangelical Church. In the remaining time we traveled in Greece, Italy and Switzerland and reached home in time for Justin Jr.'s wedding.

Life went on with less pressure and reduced activities but still full of interest. But Justin's heart was less and less able to carry the burden, and on July 11, 1958 he entered Eternal Life. I was left to go on alone after a rich, full, shared life. The adjustment has not been easy.

In 1961 I went to Australia for a very happy visit with Esther Nixon Dixon's daughter and her family. Now, having passed my 76th birthday, I am getting rid of house owning and housekeeping responsibilities and am entering a retirement community in Pomona, California. Being in good health I look forward to visits with all my children and brothers and sisters as long as I am able to travel, to enjoying the cultural advantages of the Claremont Colleges, and to renewing old friendships and making new ones. The new adventure promises happiness and contentment.

2042527

John Harmon - born April 7, 1915 in Minneapolis, Minnesota

Charles Robert - born August 19, 1917 in Rochester, N. Y.
Married Margaret Carolyn McCord June 22, 1941 in Oakham, Mass.
Children: John Bennett - born November 6, 1944 in Northampton, Mass. Margaret Carolyn - born June 3, 1956, in Los Angeles, Calif.

Elizabeth Wickenden - born August 15, 1919, Rochester, N. Y.
Married Owen Champlin Johnson July 20, 1944, Rochester, N. Y.
Children: Nicoll Harmon - born July 10, 1947, Inglewood, California. Deborah Hope - born July 1, 1949, Los Angeles, California.

Alice Wroe - born November 2, 1923, Rochester, N. Y.
Married David William St. Clair June 19, 1948, Rochester, N. Y.
Children: Judith Ann - born May 5, 1950, Rochester, N. Y. Mary Alice - born June 8, 1953, Rochester, N. Y. Helen Jean - born May 6, 1955, Rochester, N. Y. Patricia Nixon - born May 11, 1957, Wilmington, Del.

Justin Wroe, Jr. - born February 23, 1929, Rochester, N. Y.
Married Anne Fletcher, June 11, 1955, Cambridge, Mass.
Children: William Harmon - born December 13, 1956, Montreal, Canada. Robert Edgerton - born February 5, 1959, Rochester, N. Y.

# Thomas Howard Wickenden

They say I was born at Toledo, Ohio, 602 Starr Avenue, on May 26, 1888. This I do not remember. But I do remember several times when peculiar and mysterious events were stirring the young fry stayed overnight with Grandma Consaul or some other relative, and when they returned home would find a new addition to the family. My earliest remembered impression is looking out the dining room window with an unobstructed view of a field extending to Oak Street with a few cows grazing in the field. This was later timed at about three years of age.

Some other early memories include getting stuck in the sea of mud called Sixth Street and being rescued by the old colored ex-slave Uncle Sam Jackson. There was also the occasion when Uncle Jim took the family picture in the front yard, the picture generally known as the one in which Tom is biting the iron fence. However, a close inspection of said picture will show that the iron wicket was just the level of my mouth. Also I recall Uncle Charlie Whitmore delivering milk, dipping it out of a five gallon can with a quart dipper.

When nearing Hallowe'en, it would be celebrated from the first of the week. Doorbell night, gate night, tic-tac night, and then on Hallowe'en all hell would break loose. Things would get rough, rocks and bricks thrown on the porches, guns fired, and Chic Sales structures were tempting targets for overturning. Many major stunts were performed requiring considerable skill and ingenuity. I recall on one post-Hallowe'en morning Father found his buggy mounted astride the barn roof. The neighborhood boys had accomplished the feat by taking it apart and hoisting it piece by piece on the roof and reassembling it during the night. The Jack o' Lanterns were made from big pumpkins costing five cents and these were put to double duty after Hallowe'en. With Mother's help we would cut them in pieces to cook, make them into a big pumpkin pie and treat the neighborhood children.

In those early days living was gracious and life went along fairly smoothly. I pumped the church organ on Sunday and on Saturdays helped Ernie Lampman clean up the church. When through, we used the empty Sunday School rooms to do a little boxing. When baptismal service was scheduled for Sunday, we would fill up the baptistry on Saturday afternoon to warm up the water and of course we had to try it out for temperature by taking a swim.

Speaking of swimming, I shall never forget the day I swam the Maumee River at the age of about twelve. It all started on a Sunday afternoon. For some reason I was confined to my room, probably for taking a brotherly poke at Homer. About three o'clock I felt the call of Freedom so climbed out the window and down a tree. No other boys seemed to be available in the neighborhood so I went down to the river for a swim but the swimming spot was deserted. It had been my ambition to swim the river for some time, but the older boys forbade me to try it. Ah! here was my chance, I would show them, today I was free!

I swam across. Yes, I was tired and I rested a long time on the far shore, but I had to get back for I was naked and my clothes were on the opposite shore. I started back, but the river seemed to have grown wider. I found some driftwood in the center and rested by floating and hanging on. When I started to swim again, I found I had drifted down stream about 150 feet beyond my objective. The beach was south of the C. & O. docks. I soon was tired and floated again, but finally made the dock piling where the water was deep. I rested and swam up stream to the shore. When I touched bottom I was too weak to lift myself out of the water, so I crawled to shallow water and finally rolled over until my head was above the water line. I practically passed out for about ten minutes. I finally got enough strength to crawl out and get dressed and drag myself a long mile to near home. I went into Litchfield's next door where I found that my absence had been discovered, for it was then six o'clock and the neighborhood was being searched. So I gave up and was confined to my room again with a supper of bread and milk.

The folks were eating below. It had gotten dark and the gas lights were lit in the dining room. I needed companionship. How to get it? Why not try to get it by blowing out the gas lights? There was a gas jet in the bathroom that I could reach with my mouth by standing on the edges of the bath tub. Could I blow against the gas pressure. Yes, I could -- and with a few full blows consternation broke loose below. I was immediately suspected and consulted as to what I had done to endanger the family. After telling the whole story of the afternoon's adventure, I was permitted to come down and join the family, whether from fear of being asphyxiated or from compassion, I do not know, probably some of both.

I always enjoyed the variety of fruit trees and grape vines Dad had planted around the place. I loved best the apricot tree. It blossomed early sometimes when a flurry of late snow covered the ground, and the fruit ripened early and was delicious. The mulberry trees were intriguing. The Niagara white grapes were at a premium. The plums were tart and the quinces made good jelly for winter.

The muddy river water was pumped raw through the pipes, later it was filtered and treated, but for years, morning, noon and night, we went to an artesian well at the corner of Sixth and Euclid and carried home a bucket of clear cool water. In looking up some data, I found the artesian water in that area contained 1.0 to 1.5 parts per million of fluorides, and perhaps in the light of present day knowledge, some of the family's good teeth can be attributed to this source.

The installation of the first telephone in our home was a point of neighborhood pride, but there were so few around we children had to go to the grocery store across the street and call home to use it.

Toledo had natural gas available when the Starr Avenue house was built in 1886 and this was used for cooking and for heating in winter with Dad's build-it-yourself furnace. Undiluted natural gas cost 10ç per 1,000 cu. ft.

The yearly pilgrimage to Lakeside was something we looked forward to with much youthful anticipation and joy. We rode on the Oak Street trolley to the Fassett Street Station, where we got a local train to Port Clinton or Marblehead Junction. There we transferred to a freight train with one passenger car attached on the Port-Clinton and Marblehead Railroad for the ride to Lakeside. The drayman picked up the trunks and some of the handbags and delivered them to the house while we walked. Then followed a lot of work cleaning up the over winter dust and cobwebs and the accumulation of leaves and sticks outside. A bale of straw was delivered to fill the mattress ticks, but straw would be well pulverized before the end of summer. This difficulty was corrected by using corn husks. They were somewhat lumpy but after an exhausting day the lumps were soon forgotten. A trip to the central office was necessary to order the water turned on and we carried drinking water from one of the artesian wells. When chores were done we could go down to the lake front. Yes, the lake with its rocky shore was still there. The dock had survived another winter, as had the bell tower and bandstand. The sail boats, Mike's "Red Bird," the ketch owned by Ermish brothers and Ernest's "Crackerjack" were still around. I would immediately start youthful negotiations with the skipper by offering to pump the bilge, sweep the deck and cockpit and run any errands. Any task assigned would establish me as a candidate for a free ride on a short sail to Sandy Beach or Marblehead. If accepted as a regular helper, you were permitted to sail on longer trips - Catawba Island or Kelley's Island with the accompanying danger of being becalmed - pre outboard days - and not getting home until late in the night. Then you lost your nautical rating by parental decree, and after making life miserable around home for about a week, you were allowed to be reinstated with the Skipper. These summer experiences gave me my first interest in sailing, which has continued to give me much pleasure to this day.

I recall Lottie trying to swim in her ten pound bathing suit, heavy material, a blouse with a sailor collar, a skirt below the knees, bloomers and stockings. I remember feeling badly when a policeman threatened to arrest her for removing her stockings while bathing at the shore. The early yellow,sweet apples on the street to the lake were the best I ever tasted, and the sour apples made wonderful applesauce and pie. There were trips to the Life Saving Station at Marblehead to see the Thursday Drill, shooting out a life-line and rigging a britches buoy, the boat drill, tipping over the non-sinkable boat with men underneath, and righting the boat again demonstrating the self bailing cockpit. The full treatment included a visit to the Marblehead Lighthouse and a climb up the circular stairway to the light itself, a kerosene lamp whose light rays were

gathered and directed by the big French lens. Then we would inspect the glacier groove in the rock nearby, an especially deep one, commonly known as the Devil's Bath Tub.

Nightly band concerts in the park were followed by the Chautauqua Programs at the Auditorium, where the Bell Ringers, the Performing Dogs and the Magicians were tops for the youngsters.

Since sailing was uppermost in my mind during the summer, I was lost when I returned home. Why not build a land sail boat designed like an ice boat with wheels? Just the place to use the wheels of a solid-tire bicycle which weighed about a hundred pounds and would ruin one if it fell on you. Ernie Bryant was my partner. We got it built and rigged and it worked fine. The section between Fifth and Oak Streets was being developed with newly paved streets, ideal for our land boat. With a south westerly wind, we would go about fifteen to twenty miles an hour speed. To slow up, we would spill wind, drag our feet, for we could only head up at an intersection. We had many a fine sail with no traffic in the area, but one day a milk wagon passed the intersection as we approached and the horse took off, establishing a new record run to Oak Street where the wagon skidded on the turn, dumping a few cans of milk in the street. A policeman called at the home that afternoon and our land sailing days were over.

Life went along smoothly until I was about twelve. Then something happened to the family economy. In order to earn money for college Will acquired a paper delivery route which I took over during his senior year in high school and soon found that my carefree life was over. The papers must be delivered rain, sleet or snow, holidays, picnic days and during summer vacation. Lakeside was cut down to two weeks while a substitute carried the route. Ida, as I recall, filled in at one time when I rebelled. The news carriers formed a union and struck against the Blade when they wished to chang the distribution from Benny Friedman. Dad didn't believe in unions and strikes, so I was the only "scab". It was a tough situation. I was in several skirmishes and escaped a "beating-up" as some of the older boys knew it was forced upon me. That word "scab" can be more vicious than fists, for there is no defense against it and it corrodes your soul.

Children are keen observers, even of the smallest detail, regarding anything that effects their personal and immediate interest, but are woefully lacking in observing or comprehending how their actions or outside changes affect the lives of those about them, especially their elders. It wasn't until years later that I appreciated the family difficulties. While Homer will undoubtedly have a chapter on Father Wickenden's history and accomplishments I am going to digress from my story for a short period and talk about Dad.

I often worked with Dad during vacations, helping him on surveying, running a line of levels with my own crew, making maps and doing other engineering apprentice jobs. I became quite close to Dad through these contacts and came to appreciate the full extent of his accomplishment and the difficulties surmounted in winning them, hence this accolade to Dad and to Mother who stood by him so

loyally through good fortune and hard times.

Dad was born February 7, 1853, his father Thomas followed the sea and became master of a ship which was wrecked in a terrible storm on January 1, 1861 and all hands were lost at sea. This left the family with only meager means of support. However, Dad continued in school until December 1865 when he was indentured as an apprentice for a period of five years, with an initial payment to the master of eight pounds (then about $40.00). The indenture stated his age as fourteen, being a big boy he could pass for over the minimum age limit. He was to receive his board and room free during this period and work for the master without other compensation during the first year, one shilling (about 25¢) a week the second year, and two shillings a week to the end of the contract.

In 1870 with the apprenticeship completed, he emigrated to the United States, his elder brother James having preceded him by a year. Shortly after arrival, with perhaps some odd jobs in between, Dad got a job with a surveying crew of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was interested in his work and his boss encouraged him to study and gave him some guidance. With few distractions (no telephones, radios, televisions, movies or electric lights to read by) he made good progress.

I am not fully aware of his various jobs or their timing but the next important connection was with the Smith Bridge Company, probably as a draftsman. Later,as their chief designer he had a large part in the design and construction of the Cherry Street Bridge in Toledo. A copy of the contract with the City signed February 27, 1878 is in his papers. He must have been promoted with a raise in salary for he was married in 1879.

The bridge was a big project for the city and resulted in considerable publicity for Dad. This probably was a stepping stone to his later position of Chief Engineer for the City of Toledo, a position he held for many years.

I don't know whether politics or a desire to invade broader fields brought it about, but Dad and some friends decided to get into the big money by going into the Engineering Construction Business. Their first big contract was to construct a bridge for a railroad, they spent their money for considerable equipment and were making good progress when a financial panic swept the country, the railroad went broke and Dad and his friends were swept under.

I didn't appreciate the reason for this change in life, but one day the old barn was filled up with all kinds of constructive gear and camp equipment, ropes, chains, blocks and tackles, a heavy four wheel railway dolly, timbers, cots and mattresses. This material offered interesting possibilities that were wonderful for a rainy day, a life saving line with britches buoy, wrestling matches and acrobatics on the mattresses, and a hundred foot roller-coaster with the "dolly". We dug a cave with a fine place in which to roast potatoes. All went fine until Glen Maddox and I took a dislike to some Lord Fauntleroy of the neighborhood and wouldn't let him in the cave. He complained and we were admonished. We finally set a pitfall for him. Late one Saturday afternoon we dug a pit about a foot square

and a foot deep in the center of a wet muddy path located on a short cut to Sunday School and covered it with sticks and a newspaper with our muddy footprints on its center. Early Sunday morning it worked. In fact it worked too well. The parents told Dad. The cave was forbidden, the roller-coaster nearby was discovered and ordered torn down, and the dolly and timbers returned to the barn.

About this time strange bedfellows appeared in the house. Mother was frantic. No D.D.T. or exterminators. The beds were taken apart every Saturday, all crevices were scalded with boiling water and painted with kerosene by using a chicken feather. This was repeated for a month. When first discovered, the cots and mattresses were taken out of the barn and burned.

The house was free again of pests. This episode undoubtedly took several years from Mother's life as it was so terrible.

Father told me to sell all the old metal in the barn. There was twelve hundred pounds according to the junk man for which I got twelve dollars. Father estimated the true weight at about one ton. The twelve dollars was probably used to pay some old grocery bills of Mr. Gross, for I learned later he was carrying us on the cuff and Mother had kept the family together on about $30 per month. Mr. Gross had a fire in his store, not much was saved except the canned goods, but the labels were burned off. At the fire sale mother bought several packing cases of these cans. I remember putting them in rows on the cellar shelves. Well for a long time we never had such surprising meals. Mother never knew until the can was open whether we would have peas, beans, corn, soup or spaghetti.

I was big enough to push a lawnmower and earned about fifty cents to a dollar on Saturdays cutting and trimming - 50' x 150' lawn at twenty-five cents a lawn, then delivered my paper route, a two and a half mile walk. This money was used to buy my clothes and the balance was put in the bank to save for college. At the end of high school I had about $150.00 laid away.

I am ahead of my story for in high school I took manual training and got a great urge to build things. Building a sail boat was my chief ambition. I drew up plans for a 10 footer and started to build it one winter in the attic. The family accused me of not being able to get it out of the attic, but that is not so, for I had measured the space available when both the upper and lower sash of the attic windows were removed and could pass the boat through on its side. I never had to prove I was right for the next summer at Lakeside I got bigger ideas and took measurements and made sketches of a 15' clinker built rowboat, and on return home made my complete drawings for a center-board sail boat showing details of the stern and stern posts, transom and thwart section at half a dozen positions.

I bought waste pieces of lumber at a lumber yard, a good piece of straight oak for the keel, and oak cuttings large enough for posts and transom. One day I found enough oak strips 1/2 by 1" to serve as the ribs. Next spring the keel and hand-carved stern and stern posts were assembled and frames made for the various thwart positions when the summer was gone. That fall I went to an iron works and got a 3/16" steel centerboard sheared out for about $2.00. I bought 12

beautiful clear Cypress planks 1/2" thick x 12" in width x 16 feet long for the strakes for about $12.00. Today it would cost over $100. Without a pattern these had to be fitted by try and cut. By winter I had the two gar-board strakes finished. On an occasional warm day during the winter I got two more in shape and in the spring all strake were finished and assembled. The ribs came next, they had to be steamed and bent. How to steam them? Necessity is the mother of invention. I built a wooden steam box about 6" on the sides and eight feet long with a hole at one end to fit tightly over the top of a small pail. Saturday afternoons, when the kitchen was clear, I would rig this up over a gas stove. The small pail with water was placed on the gas burner, the steam going into the box. It worked surprisingly well. After steaming for an hour or longer, I would take out a rib, rush to the boat and bend it in place before it cooled and set. Everyone around was drafted to help. Ida was my principal assistant. Everything was fastened with galvanized nails and clinched a really solid construction. The mast was shaped from a 14' square timber about 3 x 3. The sail was cut from a heavy canvas tent found in the barn. All was rigged in the back yard with an eye for quick assembly.

The Fourth of July was approaching, an appropriate time for launching and our first sail, but we had to work until the last minute to complete it. I had faith and engaged a truck on the third of July to haul it down to the river the next morning at ten o'clock.

The family had a big picnic planned on the bay shore near the Casino, and since they were going by trolley, they left the house about ten with the boat still in the backyard. The last moment Mother gave us a basket of sandwiches and an apple apiece for the captain and crew, myself about sixteen, Homer fourteen and Arthur eleven.

The truck arrived about ten-thirty. The boat was soon aboard. It was launched at the foot of the Cherry Street Bridge about eleven-thirty without the benefit of the customary bottle of champagne, a custom then unknown to us but probably the secret of our coming troubles. The mast was stepped, the sails rigged and we cast off and caught the breeze with whistles blowing, bells ringing and fire crackers popping for it was just twelve noon on the Fourth of July.

We approached the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge. Could we get under with our mast? It looked high to us and knowing our nautical rights we blew a horn three times for the draw to open. The draw tender called to come ahead that we could go under, but our mast struck the bridge, and with wind and current coming from behind we were in a jam. The bridge tender ran back and started opening the draw, the halyards caught on some projection and we found ourselves being dragged around. We yelled and he came out and got us untangled and we finally got through the open draw.

The boat sailed nicely and we were going fine. We were a hungry group of boys, so I put the first mate in charge while I opened up the lunch and was just passing out the sandwiches when the sail jibed and over we went. When I found all the crew hanging safely to the hull, I retrieved a water-soaked sandwich and an apple apiece. The sandwiches fell to sop when lifted from the water so they were a total

loss. The apples we saved until ashore.

We were considering ways to get ashore when a man called not to try swimming, he would get a boat and come out for us, which he did, towing us ashore. We hung up our clothes on some bushes to dry, bailed out the boat and were off again about two p.m. The wind held and we approached the next bridge at Ironville. We blew, it opened. A third bridge seemed high enough and we passed under and out to the bay near the old Casino wondering where the folks could be. The place was full of boats, many large sail boats and we were the newest and smallest of the fleet. But oh! The wind had suddenly died down and the sun clouded over a warning I had learned to heed and to look for a squall. Sure enough there was wind and white water coming from the East. Quickly we lowered the sail and dropped our stone anchor. We did it in time. The wind and rain struck but we were safe. Many boats were turned over. A large keel boat was near us, took the wind broadside and it knocked her down. About a half dozen men hung onto the gun-wale and over the side. The first blast lasted for a minute or two, then slowly the boat righted itself. The rain stopped and by three-thirty the sun was out. We decided we had had enough for one day and started tacking back up the river making slow progress. We blew our horn for the bridge and they opened without argument. We got back to the foot of the Cherry Street Bridge about six p.m. arriving home about six-thirty. The family had such a large picnic lunch they were eating a simple supper of bread and milk.

We were sworn to secrecy, so didn't dare tell about capsizing for fear that our sailing days would be over, so bread and milk it was, the best tasting bread and milk we had ever had! One bowl full, another and another until we three had finished one large loaf of Mother and Father's homemade bread and ran out of milk.

A few remarks about our appetites and a few inquiries about our lunch - a fine lunch, but sailing makes one hungry. Oh, yes, where is the lunch basket? Oh, the basket! We must have left it at the river. With stomachs full, we told part of our tale, the launching, the bridges, eating on shore - it was wonderful of Mother to pack a separate lunch for us.

Mother and Dad were mighty thankful we didn't get to the bay, for a storm came up and tipped over a lot of boats. They told how one big sailboat went over on its beam and the men hung over the side to right it. Near it was a little sail boat that rode out the storm safely, - they must have been good sailors. That was our boat, and we were in it!

In our haste to get the boat in the water it was entirely open without flooring or ballast, so the next project was to put in heavy wood flooring as ballast which would float in case of an accident, so that fall we decked over the bow and several inches along the sides. That helped a lot. I never tipped over again, but later I learned that many others had. It was a good sailor with its long keel and it would work to windward well. We had a lot of fun in it. The second year we took Mother for a ride and took this occasion to tell her about our upset. She was a good sport.

The bridge tender on the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge would cuss but never failed to open. Finally with a train stuck on the bridge, and anxious to get back, we sailed under by shifting the crew to get a slant of about 30° when our mast would clear. That was the end of the bridge opening.

Time came to go to college, so I sold it for $30.00. The buyer, an old sailor, said he never saw a boat built so solidly with the well clinched nails.

In winter the Maumee river would freeze with 10" to 12" of solid ice for skating. I built a small skate sail. It worked fine. I improved and enlarged it until on a good day I could get going twenty to thirty miles an hour. This led to wide explorations up the river above Walbridge Park and down the river into the bay and Lake Erie. I remember one Saturday morning sailing out to Turtle light, up the Ten Mile Creek several miles and back to the bay, and then found a crack in the ice had opened up with a span of six or eight feet of open water, the crack extending as far as I could see. After studying the situation the only solution was to make a run and jump it. I picked a spot where the ice was tilted up about 10 or 15° for about 10 feet back of the edge. I started back 150 to 200 feet to get full speed with the sail and cleared the crack with fifteen feet to spare. I started my trip at 8:30, was back at 11:30 and had covered a distance of 40 miles on the rhumb lines with a lot of exploring and tacking in between.

The last summer before college Dad got me a job at The American Bridge Company which had absorbed the Smith Bridge Company where Dad gained his bridge building experience. A fine job at 17½¢ per hour, when the beginners' rate was 15¢, ten hours a day for five days and six on Saturday. I carried home $9.80 per week. Carfare was three cents a ride.

The foreman did not like this light kid on a heavy work job of assembling parts and swinging a sledge to cut off the heads of misplaced rivets. I started on Wednesday as I recall and by Saturday at 1 o'clock, which finished the work for the week, I was pooped. I dragged myself home and went to bed and didn't get up until Sunday evening. I didn't want to go back Monday morning, but Dad persuaded me to try one more day to see if I got my second wind. Fortunately I was transferred to a drill press and later when the weather became hot and knocked out many of the rivet heaters, I was drafted to this job. I got quite expert at tossing white hot rivets with a pair of tongs for distances of fifty or sixty feet, to be caught in an iron bucket by one of the rivet gang. On this job I had one close call. The shop was very noisy so I did not hear a warning call when suddenly someone tackled me and threw me to the floor just before a 90 foot girder would have struck me. It was being turned end for end by a large crane. It would have crushed me except for the quick thinking of one of my fellow workmen.

I was glad when that summer was over. I saved about $90.00 and started to Granville with about $250.00 and a tuition scholarship of $75.00 which I worked out by raking leaves on the campus and rubbing down the athletes. I got a job Saturdays in Newark selling Walk

Over Shoes at $5.00 which helped pay my board of $6.00 per week with two meals out at the eating house. I kept tab on the Saturday night church suppers in Newark where I often got filled up with a chicken dinner and homemade cake for fifty cents.

Chemistry fascinated me, especially the assaying done by Professor Brumback. This study went well. My marks were top. I assisted him with fire assay until I became quite skilled in assaying for gold and silver. The third year, I had charge of a laboratory class and the last semester taught a beginners' class for my tuition.

During the summer at the end of the first year, I fell for the reports of the fabulous money to be made selling books in the summer, so I signed up to sell "Dr. Chase's Medical and Receipt Book" in the country and "A Dictionary of Thoughts" for those traveling in the higher echelons of knowledge in the towns.

My territory was in Illinois around Onargo. The first two weeks passed without a sale of a single book. I couldn't find a place to board one out. My money was down almost to the last dollar. I was licked and went to the railroad station to telegraph home collect for money. The station was empty of passengers. As I walked up to file my telegram, I saw something on the floor, a crumpled $5.00 bill an immediate answer to my prayer.

The next Monday I sold two books and from then on I did pretty well. I found I had been in a German speaking territory for the two weeks and they wouldn't buy unless you spoke German. At the end of the summer I had cleared over $150.00.

The next summer I painted the Lakeside home when school was out and later worked on a land map of the right of way for the Toledo Port Clinton and Lakeside Railroad. With a helper I measured the line from the outskirts of Toledo to the end of the last rail in Marblehead and kept notes on the location of various things in a notebook. With this data I drew a map in sections of the entire road. As I had an unlimited pass it was great fun. While near Toledo I would return home each night, but as we got further along I made Lakeside my headquarters and finished the maps just before returning to Denison.

My Junior year was the last. Money ran low and I borrowed several hundred dollars from Will to finish the year.

I worked during the summer for the Toledo Engineer's office in a surveying gang and in the fall transferred to the laboratory of the new filtration plant just getting into operation. With my chemistry at Denison and some coaching by Dave Goodwille on making culture tests of the water for B-Coli Communis, I was to be the plant chemist. This all looked fine until Uncle Arthur Taylor invited me to act as Republican Clerk at the November election for an extra five dollars. The Brand Whitlock Crowd of Non Partisan Independents were in control of Toledo politics and when one of the party workers found me working as a Republican, all he said was Oh! The next pay day I received a pink slip saying my services were no longer needed. Quite a shock!

Dave Goodwille who had come from the American Steel & Wire Company got me a job of drafting at the Waukegan works in Illinois.

I made good here advancing to some Machine Designing. My roommate at the boarding house was Assistant Chemist . He decided to leave, and when I applied for his job I was accepted. This proved most interesting. I became a skillful analyist of steel, copper, zinc and cast iron and samples of all types of strange materials were sent for analyzing by the Chicago office. Here I got my first introduction to the mysteries of iron and steel, their structural difference under a microscope, and it fascinated me. This had a great bearing on my selection of studies when I went to Michigan in the Fall of 1911 to study Chemical Engineering.

On May 26, 1909, I became of age but this made little impression on me as I was closing up the year at Denison and paying my debts on money I borrowed from Will. I lived at home that summer and fall until I was fired from my job at the filtration plant and moved to Waukegan, Illinois.

Going to college is a partial break in home ties but moving to a strange town, completely on your own, provides a complete break which is quite an education in itself. This and two years contact with industry emphasized how much knowledge there was to be known and how little I had absorbed. This situation led me to enter the Engineering school of the University of Michigan in the fall of 1911.

They were quite liberal in accepting my credits from Denison for Professor Chamberlin was well known in physics, and Professor Gilpatrick in mathematics. However, I soon found out that while "Prof. Gil" knew his calculus, he didn't put much pressure on his pupils to learn it. For to understand an advanced course I had to review and learn the elementary calculus chapter by chapter before I could make any progress in the advanced work. This was completed just before the final exam when it all fell into place. The Professor was curious to know how I got the highest mark on the final when I had failed on all my monthly tests. "Well you know it now," he said, and gave me an A, the highest in the class.

I never learned fully how to concentrate and study until I took on the heavy course at Michigan. The art of study can be taught and the high schools should teach it. Today a pupil should learn the art of covering the ground and also the quality of work required by the top universities.

I was affiliated with the class of 1912, but since I lacked a few credits, which might could have been completed in summer school, I decided to return in the fall for extra studies. I stayed on until the Spring of 1913 when I was offered a job as Metallurgist in the Engineering Department at the Studebaker Automobile Plant, then located in Detroit. That June I received announcement that I had been elected to two Honorary Societies, Sigma Psi (Science) and Phi Lamda Upsilon (Chemical Engineering). Later, I was told that I had been elected to the Mechanical Engineering Honorary Society, but it was withdrawn as no one previously had been elected to all three.

The automotive industry was a fast moving one and just emerging from the blacksmith stage of steel selection and heat treatment, a wonderful opportunity for one of the few metallurgical engineers familar with steel and other metals. The problems were endless and

required quick solution to avoid holding up the production line. The successful solution of several critical problems brought me to the attention of Chief Engineer. The Spring Plant at South Bend was not able to make satisfactory springs for automobiles. I studied the problem, developed and installed a new method of manufacture and heat-treatment which made the best automotive spring available and saved the company thousands of dollars a year, since it had been buying springs from outside sources.

I was very pleasantly surprised in 1914 by being called to the Vice President's office and told that I had been selected to take charge of the engineering at the South Bend plant. The plan was to build a new plant there eventually which would become the automotive production center of the company. I knew little about the construction of wagons and was going to leave that to the established organization. With the start of World War I, however, the wagon engineer was sent to London in connection with contracts for various army vehicles for the British and Russian governments, and for about a year I had to design wagons for the domestic trade besides steering production of automotive parts, bodies, springs, gears, transmissions and foundry production of cylinder blocks and other castings.

In 1915 I received an announcement of the fifth anniversary of the Class of 1910. I needed a vacation and decided to attend. I had lost touch completely with my classmates and wondered what had become of Bert Davison, "Bunker" Hill and Claude Jacquart. Oh, yes! And what about the popular, blue eyed blond that I had taken to my first social event in Granville, a literary society function? Dee Shuman soon became so popular that opportunities to date her were few, especially with my limited budget, but she was in my algebra class and I helped her occasionally with a problem. Also, she sat near me at Chapel where I could admire her in silence. Well, I supposed she was married by now and possibly had a family.

Back in Granville, walking to the class breakfast one beautiful June morning, I saw a charmingly dressed girl ahead whose walk seemed familiar, but her features were hidden under a broad brimmed hat. Was it Dee? I quickened my pace. Yes, it was she! Boy, she was the girl for me! I almost proposed on the spot, but others arrived and I had to compromise with a promise to call on her in Covington, Ohio.

That summer I bought a new Studebaker car, took delivery in Detroit and drove to Covington to spend a few days vacation where things went fine. I pleaded my case and eventually got a yes. Would her father consent? "Can you take care of her?" Well, I had saved $1,000 and was getting $2,400 per year, so he thought I could and agreed.

Dee announced the engagement that fall at a big party for her friends, starting much excitement and a great social season in Covington which continued until the wedding on Thursday, March 9th, 1916, at her home.

A short honeymoon included a week at Chicago and Oak Park

where we stopped at her brother Roscoe's home while the family were visiting in Covington. Then we went on to South Bend where the Studebaker crowd were bubbling over with curiosity and excitement. We rented a house for about six months at $30 per month and then took advantage of an opportunity to buy a beautiful three bedroom stucco house with all (then) modern conveniences for $3,600. To show how inflation works, four years later, after the end of the first World War, this house sold for nearly $10,000, and today, if in good repair, would probably bring $25,000.

In a couple of months we knew that nature was taking its course, and on Friday, January 5, 1917 a lively baby girl was born. A few days later the doctor pressed us for her name to register the birth. Unprepared for that gender we agreed on Mary Jane for a heroine in a Saturday Evening Post story. A week later we got a brilliant thought. Why not Mary Dee? Too late to change it officially, but this has been her name ever since.

It was at the hospital in South Bend that I got acquainted with Mr. E. M. Morris whose wife was occupying the room next to Dee's with her first baby, and we became fast friends. He was a lawyer by profession and was interested in starting some small business ventures. He had heard of a new business of financing automobiles. We got twelve associates together and formed The Associates Investment Co. in 1918 with a subscribed capital of $12,000. With Ernie's wise guidance and a quick method of figuring monthly payments developed by myself, the company prospered beyond our wildest imagination.

The job was going fine at Studebaker until early in 1920 when internal politics raised its ugly head. A little later our engineering group received an attractive offer from the Willys Corporation at Elizabeth, New Jersey, so we moved east in the fall of 1920.

Dee was expecting within a short time. Will and Marion were living then in Upper Montclair, New Jersey and offered to take us in until we got located. After several false alarms a boy arrived on the evening of October 23, 1920 at Mountainside Hospital. The delivery room was on the line between Montclair and Glen Ridge. We had a name ready, Thomas Clinton, the middle name for Dee's brother whom we admired very much. A few weeks later we received birth certificates from both boroughs, so that is how you can be born in two places at once.

While this was going on I bought a house in Roselle, N.J., and when Dee left the hospital I took her to our newly purchased home in a strange town, where in time we made many close friends. In 1927 we completed a lovely new home, and in 1930 we also built a summer home at Awosting, where the young folks had a grand time and the old folks were not far behind.

Roselle without proper zoning ordinances got into the hands of speculative builders and started down hill fast. Friends who had moved to Short Hills sang its praises, so we asked ourselves, "Why spend our lives in uncongenial surroundings?" In 1936 we

purchased a home in Short Hills and we have enjoyed living here immensely, never regretting the move.

Mary Dee attended Vail Dean School in Elizabeth, Abbot Academy and graduated from Smith College in 1939. She was married to Vincent Scofield on February 17, 1940 after an acquaintance of six months. Three lovely girls resulted from that marriage.

Barbara Ann Scofield, born April 5, 1941
Sally Dee Scofield, born September 2, 1942
Cynthia Wickenden Scofield, born November 7, 1945

Something gradually happened to that marriage, a clash of personalities developed, perhaps due to insufficient acquaintance beforehand. All modern methods were tried without success, and the girls were becoming more and more confused. Since the personalities could not be readjusted it would have been wrong to ruin the chance of happiness for all five involved. A divorce was agreed upon as the best solution and was granted in January 1958.

Mary Dee was remarried on Friday, May 13th, 1960 to Charles Schmonees, a bachelor and family acquaintance through association at a family summer camp near Barnstable, Cape Cod. Charles comes from an old New England family and was educated at Columbia University. He has a fine personality and the girls adored him. He is a great lover of music, nature and the outdoors, and they all are enjoying a very congenial and happy family life.

Barbara Ann, after a year and a half at the University of Colorado, realized that Boulder was a long way from home and transferred to Upsala College at East Orange where she is finishing her junior year specializing in biology and botany. She is doing well.

Sally Dee graduated from high school, spent a year at Everett Junior College in Virginia, but last fall decided to work. She secured a job with the Bell Telephone Company at Summit and bought herself a new Volkswagen for transportation. She enjoys her job, is taking some night courses at Fairleigh Dickinson University and studying piano in which she shows special talent.

Cindy is a junior in high school, is doing well in her studies and is popular with the students. She has been a member of the majorette group since her sophomore year and has been selected as Drum Majorette and leader for her senior year.

Thomas Clinton met his future wife, Jean Dunn, at Awosting when he was sixteen and Jean about thirteen. It has been Tom and Jean ever since. Tom took his pre-medic course at Amherst, graduating in 1942, and entered Columbia Medical School (Physicians & Surgeons) immediately, as the second World War was on and the course was being accelerated. Jean was attending Skidmore, but Tom was too busy to get there to see her, so they came to the conclusion that Tom would make better progress in medical school if they were married. They had been in love for years, and as medical education was a very long affair I agreed. They were married on Saturday, January 2nd, 1943 at Jean's home in Paterson, New Jersey. They secured an apartment near the school. Tom made good grades and at the same time Jean got a good background in medicine by reading the text books.

Thomas Howard Wickenden II was born on Thursday, September 14, 1944 at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

Michael James Wickenden was born on Tuesday, May 20, 1947 at McKinney, Texas.

Elizabeth Wickenden was born on Friday, May 12, 1950 in a hospital at Poughkeepsie, New York.

My namesake is a senior at Pingry Country Day School, has been on the tennis team, played soccer, is a member of the Glee Club and helped promote a folk song group with guitars and mandolins. He has been accepted at Princeton.

Michael is also at Pingry but may change schools. He has played center at football, plays squash and lacrosse.

Elizabeth is in Short Hills Country Day School and is doing fine.

To continue the story of my business career, soon after I joined the Willys Corporation it was a victim of the depression in 1921. The engineering group withdrew and designed a new car for Walter P. Chrysler which created quite a sensation when introduced as the "Chrysler Six" about a year after I had gone on to join the Nickel Company, but I had specified all the metal parts and their heat treatments.

I joined International Nickel Inc. in New York on August 15, 1922, in charge of Development in the Automotive Industry. This work was interesting, and without going into detail I moved along as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1/1/32 | Assistant Manager of Development and Research Division |
| 8/30/43 | Manager |
| 12/30/47 | Vice President and Manager of Development and Research Division |
| 5/31/54 | Resigned as Vice President, but continued with the company as Consultant |
| 1/31/57 | Retired |

The higher educational institutions which I have attended have recognized some of my accomplishments as follows:

Denison University - June 9, 1952 Alumni Citation in recognition of outstanding achievements and services.

University of Michigan - College of Engineering Centennial October 23, 1953 Citation as a Distinguished Alumnus in recognition of his outstanding achievements and his contributions to the development of the field of engineering.

Denison University - June 10, 1957 conferred as a loyal alumnus, talented student of science, internationally recognized researcher in metallurgy, the degree of Doctor of Science.

My retirement has been active. I have continued on the Board of Directors of Associates Investment Company of South Bend. I have been active in several groups for retired people, have served as president of one, and have helped organize two groups. I am Deputy Director of Local Civilian Defense and am still interested in swimming and sailing. Jim Wickenden invites me for a cruise each summer on the Tabor Boy.

In February 1960 Dee and I started on an around-the-world trip we planned ourselves. We traveled by steamship to Naples and from there we flew, visiting Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Jordan (Jerusalem), Pakistan, India, Bangkok, Hongkong, Japan, Hawaiian Islands, and back home with stops at Los Angeles and Boulder, Colorado. We arrived on May 12, just in time to attend Mary Dee's and Charles' wedding the next day.

Dee and I have just returned from a month's vacation in Barbados and Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I., our favorite wintering area. We celebrated our 46th wedding anniversary on March 9th, 1962. We are both busy and are enjoying life, and we hope that all who read this are doing likewise.

A family reunion at the Granville Inn, Granville, Ohio, June 1946.

*Fourth row:* (Left to right) Fred Klag, Arthur, Ethel Wickenden, William, Ruth Winans, Leslie Winans, Mira Wickenden, Homer, Ida Nixon
*Third row:* Dorothy Klag, Thomas, Marion Wickenden, Dee Wickenden, Lottie Ogden, Stephen Ogden, Justin Nixon
*Second row:* Thomas Winans, Fred Klag, Jr., Stephen Ogden, Jr., Justin Nixon, Jr.
*First row:* Charlotte Winans, Dorothy Jean Winans, Ruth Ogden, Alice Nixon, Ann Wickenden, Ruth Wickenden

Mary Dee Wickenden Schmonees

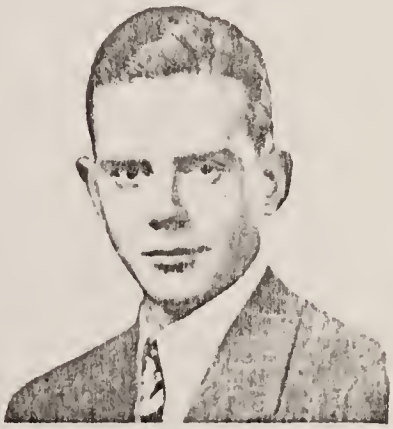
Thomas C. Wickenden

Elizabeth Wickenden Goldschmidt
and Children

William C. Wickenden

Members of
Second Generation
unable to be present
at 1946 reunion
in Granville

Roger C. Wickenden

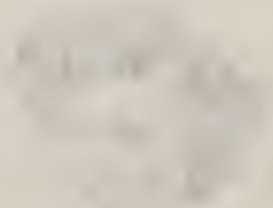


Herbert R. Wickenden

Elizabeth Wickenden Johnson

John H. Nixon

Charles R. Nixon



# Homer Edgar Wickenden

My early recollections begin three or four years after my birth on December 20, 1890. I recall "speaking a piece" in my night clothes at the Christmas entertainment (?) at the Second Baptist Church.

The first school I attended, starting four months before my sixth birthday, was in a store building across the street from our home, the Franklin School being too crowded. The second grade was in that building also. One day I went to school without having picked up my clothes and Mother sent for me to come home and pick them up. On returning to my class I found that I was late, the bell having rung. I was so chagrined that I have picked up my clothes very carefully ever since.

Among my first recollections was the depression of 1896-97, during which Father lost all his business and the family had very meager resources. I recall that when I needed a new pair of shoes I asked Father for them and he put me off. I remarked to him, "We are very poor, aren't we Dad." His reply was very characteristic of him. "No, my boy, any man with eight children isn't poor." Apparently the family fortune improved, for I recall in the second grade going before the teacher's desk and announcing to her proudly that this was the first "boughten" suit I had ever had.

I was always very fond of music and at the age of eight Mother began to give me lessons on the piano. We had an upright Steinway which was given to Mother by her father upon graduation from high school. We also had a reed organ which Father had acquired. Our musical library was very limited, consisting mostly of an instruction book for the piano and a few hymn books. Shortly after starting lessons Aunt Jennie Taylor volunteered to teach me. Having no children she had plenty of time and played the piano fairly well, but I am inclined to feel that her teaching left a few things to be desired, such as discipline. She was easy going on her nephew. For a year or so I took lessons from Mother's cousin, Mrs. Martha McClure who had studied at the Boston Conservatory. Mother's chief concern was to keep me practicing and sometimes a small switch was necessary. There was, however, a basic love of music, and I could not keep away from the piano. Mother occasionally sat down at the piano to render her special piece, "Listen to the Mocking Bird." On Sunday evenings she always played hymns, and I

recall our singing frequently "Softly Now the Light of Day." At Sunday evening supper we all sang grace to the tune,"Sun of My Soul", and the words were as follows:

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless and grant
That we may feast in paradise with Thee.

Nothing unusual occurred in my musical career until at the age of twelve I became greatly interested in the pipe organ. I was particularly impressed with the bass notes and the variety of tone. Our reed organ had several stops, one of which was known as sub-bass, an octave lower than the usual bass. I conceived the idea of rigging up a set of pedals to play the sub-bass octave. The pedals consisted of playing blocks about a foot long. These were attached to the ivory notes with cotton string. I pumped the organ with one foot and played the sub-bass pedals with the other. While this invention perhaps did not rank with Tom's constructions, it attracted considerable attention and my seventh grade teacher came to the house to see it in operation.

My interest in the organ continued, and at the age of fourteen Mother arranged to have me take a few lessons on the organ in the neighboring Lutheran Church. This gave me a great thrill. As I look back on this experience I realize how poorly prepared I was from the standpoint of technical foundation at the piano, but this did not deter me. At the age of sixteen one of our neighbors who played the organ in the Presbyterian Church nearby had to have a substitute one Sunday and asked me to take her place. Boy! Was this a thrill! It gave me more pleasure than anything that had happened musically up until that time. In the late summer of 1908 I had the pleasure of playing the organ at Will's and Marion's wedding, the first occasion of its kind in the new Second Baptist Church for which the plans had been drawn and the construction supervised by Father.

In the early part of that summer I had worked as a clerk in the Lakeside office of the Toledo Port Clinton and Lakeside Railroad for which Father had been the chief engineer and builder. In September I set forth for Denison University as was the family tradition, wearing my black derby hat and high collar, and in my pocket $125 which I had earned carrying newspapers for nine years and mowing lawns. When I went to college I had two ambitions which were characteristic of my immaturity. One was to learn to play the pipe organ and the other was to play on the college football team. I took the usual arts course and wound up with a Ph. B. degree, majoring in Economics. I managed to get an A in college algebra, but most of my marks were B's.

At Denison I took piano lessons for two years and organ for one year in addition to my regular studies. I spent considerable time at the Conservatory of Music, playing the pianola with records of McDowell's music and the Love-Death scene from Tristan and Isolde.

This was my first contact with really great music.

In the summer months between my freshman and sophomore years I sold the "Century Book of Facts" to farmers in northwestern Ohio. At the end of the first ten days, I went home to celebrate the Fourth of July weekend. I did not like the work, and I asked Father if he could get me another job for the summer. His reply, pointing his finger at me, was, "Homer, you contracted to sell books this summer. You go back and sell them whether you like it or not." I went back to the job, and at the end of the summer I had cleared $70 above my expenses.

The summer between my sophomore and junior years I spent sweating in the American Bridge Works where I worked for ten hours a day, fifty-five hours a week, assembling steel structures and painting them. The wages amounted to $16.50 per week. During the summer following my junior year I worked with Father on some surveys of the old Morris and Essex Canal in Newark, New Jersey.

During my last semester in college I began to look around for a position. The college had no counseling service, and I lacked any direction or guidance. The president told me that H. J. Heinz Co. was looking for promising young men who would learn the business and work their way up from the bottom in the factory. The company offered to pay my expenses to Pittsburgh for an interview. After visiting the plant for a day I decided to accept their offer of a job, although I was not over enthusiastic. Having majored in economics I thought I wanted to go into big business.

My college years had been very happy ones and somewhat carefree. I had played on the football team for three years, had sung in the glee club, had run on the track team, and for three years was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. I learned that one of the advantages of a small college is that a student has an opportunity to participate in many activities. At the close of my senior year I estimated that my college course had required an outlay in cash of $1350.

Shortly after graduation I went to Pittsburgh to live, where I learned something about the rough ways of business and the problems of finding a pleasant place to live. For three years I lived on the north side in a rooming house about a mile and a half from the Heinz plant. This proved to be a far cry from the pleasures of Granville. I donned overalls and went to work for a ten hour day beginning at 7 a.m. and continuing to 5:30 p.m. with a short time out for lunch. My first job was to pack bottles of ketchup in sawdust in big barrels. My wages started at $70 a month, and when I left H. J. Heinz Company three years later I was earning $90 a month.

Pittsburgh was a dismal city, but I found pleasure and friends at the First Baptist Church where I played on the boys' basketball team. After I became a foreman in the department where we labeled the cans of baked beans, I found myself being much more interested in the young people who worked for me than in the baked beans. At that time I read some books on efficiency and worked out a scheme for paying the workers in my department a small bonus for a sub-

stantial increase in production. The management expressed some appreciation but did not encourage me or any of the college boys working with me to make any special studies. There was no training program, and it was up to us to do what we could to find our own way. At the end of three years I was so discouraged I decided to quit.

I still did not have any sense of direction. I consulted an engineer who was building munition plants for the First World War and he advised me if I was interested in people rather than machinery to take a job that dealt with people primarily. Just at this time (1915) I was offered a position at $45 a month in the training class under the Associated Charities of Cleveland. I took the position and to earn enough to live on I resided in a social settlement, Lend a Hand House, where I conducted clubs and classes in the evenings.

On consulting Father about the new position he was not very much impressed. He wondered if I would be able to support myself but felt that the new job might pay as much as the position of a minister in a church. I found myself very happy in the new job and deeply interested in the people and the social problems that confronted me. I was really enthusiastic about my work for the first time. The publicity man for the Associated Charities, in announcing my appointment, said that I had given up the job of getting pickles into people and taken up the job of getting people out of pickles.

My most successful case was with the family of an Hungarian peasant who came to this country and worked in a foundry. Life was so drab for him and his family that frequently he came home drunk and threatened the family. His wife finally had to send him to the County Work House for non-support. While there I went to see him and asked if he had his choice what kind of job he would like. He replied that if he could have a few acres of land to farm and a factory job nearby he could probably do better. After three months search I found an eleven acre farm near a factory in Berea, Ohio. The family was pleased with the prospect and the Associated Charities agreed to pay three months rent and to buy some farm equipment and seeds. The family moved to Berea and from a special fund I was able to buy them a cow for $75. The family was never known to be on the relief rolls after that.

One of my outside interests at this time was in taking vocal lessons. I sang as soloist in the Unitarian and later an Episcopal church, earning extra money in this way.

When the United States declared war in 1917, I and two of my coworkers went down to enroll in the Officers Training Corps. I resigned my job and went home to await orders to report. The two companions received their orders to go to Camp Harrison, but I did not receive any. So I returned to my job for a few weeks and then signed up to work for the Home Service Division of the Red Cross in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. This job lasted about six months. I finally went into the army in the draft in the spring of 1918.

We were sent to Camp Sherman in Chillicothe, Ohio. Upon arrival

the first thing that happened was that we were searched for whiskey and firearms. In two weeks I was promoted to Corporal and sent to the Adjutant's office. About one month later the Adjutant was appointed editor of the camp newspaper, and he ordered me to go with him in this new undertaking as a reporter. I wrote news items and musical criticisms of the concerts held at the Red Cross Center. This was my first contact with the newspaper world.

The Adjutant announced one morning that for that week the newspaper would carry a scandal story of how the people of Chillicothe were gouging the soldiers. He assigned three or four reporters to go to town to get the information wherever they could. The facts were that the soldiers were not being gouged at all. The only place where prices were increased were for chickens in the butcher shop. I got my hands on the report of the Director of the War Camp Community Service who said a slight increase in some items such as room rents had been noted, but that there was no general increase in prices. The Adjutant took the report and with a blue pencil changed the whole meaning to support his scandal story. He wrote big headlines and the next week the Governor, upon reading the report appointed a commission to investigate. Shortly thereafter I asked to be relieved of my reportorial duties and to return to the drill field. I was shortly appointed assistant top sergeant of the Company. In this capacity one Saturday I misread orders for the 250 men to report to the Medical Headquarters for their typhoid shots. The next day being Sunday, I ordered them out of bed an hour early, marched them to the Medical Headquarters and found the place locked. The men marched back to the barracks without complaint and got in an early hour of softball.

I was transferred after a few months to the Officers Training Camp at Camp Gordon, Georgia. After two or three months here the armistice was signed and our company was mustered out. I was home before Christmas. Shortly thereafter, I was offered a position as Director of the Associated Charities, now the Family Service Association of Louisville, Kentucky.

A fine group of young people who were recently released from the service came to Louisville and we all had a very happy life there. Louisville people were very cordial and it would be difficult to duplicate the pleasant atmosphere in which we all worked. We had a hand in the establishment of a School of Social Work at the University of Louisville. At this time I did graduate work at the University in sociology and labor problems and earned my Master of Arts degree.

After two and a half years in Louisville I was invited to return to Cleveland to be on the staff of the Cleveland Welfare Federation, and I accepted. In 1923 I read an advertisement on the back of a magazine of a trip around the world for $1200 and up (mostly up!) aboard the steamship Empress of France. Some of the members of the family thought this would be a foolish expenditure of money. However, I sailed on January 22, 1923, from New York and went through the Panama Canal and up the West Coast, then to Honolulu, Japan, Canton, China, the Philippines, Java, Singapore,

Burma, and thence to Calcutta. In India I had a three-week trip overland which had been arranged by my friend Waldo Heinrichs who was residing in Calcutta. India proved to be a very fascinating country with a very old culture. It showed great contrasts in riches and poverty.

From Bombay we sailed to Egypt through the Suez Canal and disembarked at Naples. From there we proceeded up through Italy, stopping at Florence, Venice and Milan and then on to Switzerland. From there we went to Paris and then flew in an old Handley-Page biplane to London. The biplane was a far cry from modern jets. After ten days in England, where I visited relatives in Rochester, we sailed back to Montreal. The trip proved to be one of the greatest educational experiences of my life, and I have concluded that the money was very well spent.

I returned to my job in Cleveland and after a year I decided that it was time for me to seek a position where I could again be my own boss. In October 1924 I went to Mount Vernon, New York to establish a Community Chest and a Council of Social Agencies. It was just about this time that I decided that I should establish a family of my own. I had worked with Mira Bears of Boston while in Louisville where she was Director of the Public Health Nursing Association and the City School Nurses, and we became engaged. On January 10, 1925 we were married in Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's Church on Park Avenue, New York City by Dr. Harold Cooke Phillips, a Denison friend. We went to Bermuda for our wedding trip following a send-off by Tom and Dee. Dee tried to interest the other passengers in our romance by shouting "Bride and Groom." It didn't work because most of the passengers were brides and grooms.

After four years at the Community Chest in Mount Vernon, I decided to seek a job in New York City. For about a year and a half I worked as Assistant Director of the New York Community Trust, a form of common endowment. In 1929 I was offered the position as Director of the United Hospital Fund, which raised money for some eighty voluntary hospitals in New York City.

During my eleven and a half years in this position I had the pleasure of launching several enterprises that were of great interest including a Conference on Hospital Accounting, a hospital survey for which I got $40,000 from the Carnegie Foundation, and a Hospital Credit Exchange, an agency to collect outstanding hospital accounts. I am still a member of its Board of Directors.

In 1932 I took the first steps in the organization of the Associated Hospital Service of New York, now known as the Blue Cross. The Blue Cross was launched in 1934 after a great deal of preliminary work, and was financed by a gift of $25,000 which I secured from Edward S. Harkness. I served as Secretary of this corporation for the first five years of its operations. Since then it has grown into a vast organization giving hospital protection to millions of people in New York State.

In 1940 a reorganization took place in the United Hospital Fund and I resigned as General Director. Shortly thereafter Mrs. August Belmont asked me to become the Director of the Metropolitan

Opera Guild, which she had set up to raise money and provide popular support for the Met. This brought me in touch with a great many of the new artists. One of the most intriguing assignments was to arrange for a fifteen minute broadcast every week to preview the opera to be heard over the radio the following Saturday. The National Broadcasting Company loaned us the services of their ninety piece symphony orchestra. These programs were very exciting and gave me great pleasure while they lasted. Unfortunately the war situation became so threatening it looked as though the opera would have to close, and at the end of the season of 1941 I resigned.

For the two years following I became the Assistant Administrator and finally Administrator of the Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital. Inasmuch as the management of the hospital came under the responsibilities of the President of the New York Medical College and lines of authority were not clearly drawn, I resigned. In this position I got some good experience in hospital administration, but the frustrations overbalanced these.

The next worthwhile job which was offered me was to organize the new National Health and Welfare Retirement Association under the leadership of my friend Ralph Blanchard and with the help and support of the Community Chests and Councils of America. This project was launched formally on January 1, 1945. Inasmuch as we had no large capital sums it was decided to reinsure the plan with the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston.

By the time I reached retirement at the age of sixty-five the Association had grown from nothing to 2700 health and welfare organizations which contributed annually about $10,000,000 for retirement purposes. After retirement I continued my service as Secretary of the Corporation for three more years. This organization of the retirement plan proved to be one of the most fascinating and rewarding jobs I had ever undertaken. I resigned completely in October 1958, but continued on a consulting basis.

Looking back over the years I have had a varied career but a very happy one. No one could ask for more interesting jobs than to organize the Blue Cross and later set up the National Health and Welfare Retirement Association.

Our married life has been cheered by the arrival and growth of our two daughters: Ann, born in New York City on November 1, 1925 at the Woman's Hospital, and Ruth, born at the Lawrence Hospital in Bronxville on May 9, 1931.

Ann finished the Bronxville High School in 1944 and at her graduation I had the pleasure of delivering the commencement address and presenting her with her diploma. After completing her undergraduate course at Denison University in 1948 she went on to the Yale University School of Nursing from which she received her Master's Degree in 1951.

When Ruth finished the Bronxville High School in 1949, I was Chairman of the Board of Education and in that capacity presented her with her diploma. After graduating from Denison in 1953 she went on to Radcliffe College where she took a year's course in

management under the combined agencies of Radcliffe and the Harvard School of Business Administration.

Both girls are happily married. Ann married Jack Harold Walters of Paw Paw, Michigan in Bronxville on May 10, 1958. They have a daughter, Donna Lynn, born at Lawrence Hospital, Bronxville on June 13, 1960. Jack is a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Ruth married Alan Otto Abel, of Franklin, Indiana in Bronxville on June 16, 1956. They have a son Thomas Alan, born in U.C.L.A. Hospital, Los Angeles on December 1, 1957, and a daughter Gwenneth Allyn born in the same hospital on May 5, 1960. Alan is a graduate of Purdue University and the Harvard School of Business Administration.

The most outstanding event of our married life was the presentation to Mira of the Medal for Merit, she being the third woman in the history of the United States to receive it. It was awarded by President Truman for the work which she did as a nurse in World War II. She was director of the National Nursing Council for War Service, the clearing house and coordinating agency for all nursing interests, military and civilian in the country.

We have spent all of our married life in Westchester County, New York, the first three years in Mount Vernon. We then built a home in Eastchester where we lived for eight years. After building a similar home in Bronxville we have lived there and enjoyed an exceptionally congenial community life for the last twenty-six years.

# Arthur Consaul Wickenden

It was on April 24, 1893 that I was ushered into this world.

My first recollection goes back to the fall of 1896 when I was three and one half years old and one evening witnessed a torch-light political parade on Euclid Avenue. I fell on the curb and cut a gash in my forehead which left a scar noticeable for many years.

The old Second Baptist Church at Fourth and Victor is associated with another early memory, Aunt Jennie's wedding. It was evident to Mother that a couple of us children were about to break out with chickenpox. We were allowed to sit in the family pew and witness the wedding, but at Grandmother Consaul's on Main Street we had to remain upstairs isolated from the guests at the wedding dinner, a first-rate tragedy.

I was baptized at an early age, about 8 I presume, by Reverend William Barker subsequent to an evangelistic campaign by Daniel Shepardson conducted from his wheelchair. According to my brothers and sisters I began when quite young to play at preaching, but I have little recollection of those occasions. I am aware of the fact, however, that the church came to have a large place in my affections.

One of the most vivid memories of my boyhood is associated with a Fourth of July and the launching of the sailboat which Tom built while in high school. No doubt he will relate the details. What thrilling times we had with that top-heavy boat!

Lakeside was the real delight of my youth. The ownership of a paper route cut the time I could spend there to about two weeks, but they were glorious days. While still a small child I once made the trip by boat under the care of Grandmother Consaul, and I believe Ruth was with us also. There was an excursion that day on the T. and C. Line to Putinbay and the boat was delayed, awaiting the arrival of a train from points south. We arrived in Putinbay just in time to see the boat for Lakeside pull away at another pier. That night was my first experience in a hotel and it was entered with some trepidation because Putinbay was a rather wild and hilarious place. We took the early morning boat at about 6:00 a.m., but on that particular day the S. S. Lakeside was carrying an excursion to Detroit and the run from the island was made by a very small craft, the Gerald C. As a real northeaster blew up, we had a rough passage and had difficulty making a landing at the

Lakeside pier. It was a thrilling and memorable journey.

One happy day of the Lakeside experience was when I was given a jointed rod, reel and silk line by a gentleman from Toledo for whom I had done a good turn by digging bait. That was a proud possession and I took great joy in fishing with it, particularly at the harbor at Sandy Beach.

## High School Days

Having completed the primary grades in seven years, I entered high school at thirteen. There was only one other boy in the freshman class as small as I. We both were in short pants, and in order to see us in the study hall the teacher placed us immediately in front of her desk. Three years were spent at the East Side Central School, and the fourth at the old Central High School from which I graduated in 1910.

One of the memorable events of these years was the wedding of Will and Marion at the Second Baptist Church. This was the occasion when I first appeared in long trousers and was privileged to serve as an usher. At the Lamb's house after the ceremony, when Will and Marion sought to depart in their carriage (more familiarly known as a hack), Will had to throw Milo Lamb and myself out before they could take possession.

During the high school years I continued my paper route, but also acquired a business connection with the East Side Clothing Company of which Mr. Mittenthal was the proprietor. I worked here on Saturday afternoon and evening first as an errand boy, but gradually I was entrusted with a sales clerk's responsibilities. Another method of earning money was the care of lawns, and for cutting the grass of the Taylor estate at Euclid and Starr Avenue I received eighty-five cents a mowing, which I regarded as a bonanza.

During these same years I entered into a rather unusual friendship with James W. Roberts who came as minister of the Second Baptist Church. He had recently lost his wife, and being without children, he was a lonely man. On his first round of calls I accompanied him in the afternoons pointing out where the church members lived. I developed the habit of going with him to his home on Sunday evenings after service. He would brew a pot of tea, make toast, and set out some jam of which we would partake, and then visit for an hour or two together. This must have continued until well into my senior year at high school when I became interested in girls and used to walk one home on Sunday evenings.

Graduating at seventeen I was rather young and immature to go away to college. The family fortunes were none too good, and Homer had just completed his first year at Denison. I chose to remain out and work for a year, to which Father consented reluctantly out of fear that I should lose incentive to go on. To satisfy him I agreed to sign up for an evening course at Toledo University, then occupying an office building on Jefferson Avenue. I enrolled for a course in mathematics for which I was not ade-

quately prepared and after a few weeks I gave it up as a bad job.

After graduation I went to work for the Ford Plate Glass Company in Rossford as a booker in the warehouse. Wages were fifteen cents an hour, and the workday was ten and one half hours, and four and one half on Saturdays. When the newly made sheets came off the polishing tables they were cut up in such a way as to eliminate all the defects, and it was my job to keep track of the sizes of all pieces secured from the cutting, label these, and figure the loss. During the fall we got a new boss who was determined to step up production, and there was plenty of room for increase. He decided that I was not earning my fifteen cents an hour and ordered me to help carry the glass. To bring the large sheets to the cutting table was dangerous as they were about 8 x 12 feet in size and sometimes due to defects they cracked up in transit and came slashing down over the heads and faces of the carriers. When the plant shut down for repairs in December, I sought a new job and secured one with the Brown Stamping Company, where I soon learned to make tincups and copper washboilers. The hours here were shorter and the hourly rate of pay a little better. This job was not to last long, however, for I accepted an invitation to move to the white collar class.

The Toledo YMCA on Tenth Street opposite the courthouse was in bad straits financially and Percy B. Williams was struggling to bring it through the crisis. Carl Duerr, who had graduated from Denison the previous June, was serving as membership secretary. A trustworthy desk man was needed who could be employed at a minimum salary. Carl suggested me for the post and for about six months in the spring and summer of 1911 I served as desk clerk at a salary of forty dollars a month. By September I was glad to take off for Denison.

## At Denison

My roommate the first year was Robert Weber who had been a member of my high school graduating class and whom I had come to know during our senior year at Central because of adjoining seats in the study hall. He had gone on to college immediately from high school and so was a sophomore when I entered. He was a very good counselor and a close friendship has been ours through the years. Other freshmen in the same hall were George Roudebush, Dave Reese and Russell Williams. All of these pledged to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and we were initiated on November 4, 1911. For a variety of reasons the fraternity has meant more to me through the years than I ever supposed it would, and my association with a university has opened channels of service through the fraternity which have proved very rewarding. It has been my privilege to hold several offices in the general fraternity, attend numerous conventions, and to preside as president over one of them. For four years I contributed a meditation to each issue of the magazine.

Taking full advantage of my new freedom in college I played a good deal, became involved in activities, and on Saturdays for

two years I worked in Roe Emerson's store in Newark. For two years I yielded to Livy's stirring appeal for candidates for football, but I was too light to become a promising prospect. I played end for about one minute in a game against Ohio Wesleyan when the score was 47 to 0 in Denison's favor, and on Thanksgiving Day of 1913 as a quarterback I ran the second team through signal practice before the game on the field at Morgantown, West Virginia. That was the extent of my football career. But in college politics I fared better. The fact that I was a political science major under Dr. C. E. Goodell had little to do with it, but I became president of the student body my senior year.

Another line of activity had far-reaching consequences. After spending a week of the Christmas vacation on a gospel team under the leadership of John Bjelke, I began to take my college opportunity seriously and became very much interested in the campus YMCA, and in the spring of my junior year I became its president. This was a good experience in itself. Activity in the YMCA no doubt played a part in my attendance at the Student Volunteer Convention in Kansas City in 1914. I came away from that convention a Student Volunteer, dedicated to mission service in a foreign field. The best way to accomplish that end seemed to be to take theological training, so I applied to Rochester Seminary for admission. Several things intervened, however, and I never got to Rochester.

Romance was an outstanding part of the college experience. During the fall of my freshman year I engaged in only a minimum of dating, and after Thanksgiving Day the Betas had their social activities severely curtailed by a campus imposed on the chapter by Dean Loveridge. After a regularly scheduled dinner party on Thanksgiving Eve some Shepardson girls who were spending the night with friends in town returned to the house with their escorts and indulged in some dancing. When news of that got out, Betas were forbidden to have any parties or dates with Shepardson girls until spring vacation. In March the Granville BYPU had a party at the church. This society was composed mostly of college students and there was nothing to prevent Betas attending. I took advantage of the situation to go with Robert Weber who was already deeply enamoured of Fay McKinney. There I met a friend of Fay's, Ethel Frances Russell of Chicago, a very attractive blond who impressed me as a lovely girl. Shortly after the lifting of the campus we joined Waldo Heinrichs and his college flame on a walking date, and following that, dates were fairly frequent during the remainder of the year, and again in the fall. Fearing that I might get too deeply involved for a sophomore, I started playing the field during the winter without much satisfaction. When I learned on a date with Ethel early in the spring that she was transferring from Denison to the University of Chicago at the end of the year, I sought her company frequently and had eyes for no other. The friendship ripened through letters and occasional visits.

## Miami and World War I

A most friendly relationship between Miami and Denison existed during my student days. They were the same size, and rather similar in type. Rivalry was keen, but always friendly. At Miami the Student YMCA was not flourishing, and President R. M. Hughes contemplated giving it a decent burial but was talked out of it by John E. Johnson, State Student Secretary of the YMCA for Ohio. He persuaded President Hughes to employ a secretary to guide the life of the association. Because of my position as president of the association at Denison the opportunity came to me, and I decided to postpone entering Rochester Seminary for a year of two while I tried my hand at Student Association work. Preliminary to undertaking my new duties I attended a Student Secretaries Seminar at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, where I met a most interesting group of men and had a very inspiring experience.

The two years spent at Miami were particularly happy ones largely because of the kind and generous treatment received from President Hughes. He made me feel that there was no job on the campus in which he was more interested than mine. I was a frequent guest in his home, especially when he was entertaining a college visitor, whom he thought I should know. My relations with the students were also very happy.

In March 1917 Ethel was my guest in Oxford for a Beta dance and we also visited our mutual friends the Webers in Cincinnati where we experienced a tornado. Only minor damage was done to the Weber house, but there was fearful destruction all about us. Two weeks later found me in Chicago where I planted my Beta pin and we became engaged.

Again it was my plan to enter Rochester in the fall, but this time World War I intervened. When we entered the war the YMCA worked out elaborate plans for serving the armed forces overseas. YMCA men would be attached to the troops and would accompany them to the very front to render a variety of services. Being in Student YMCA work, I was invited to become a member of the first contingent of YMCA men to be sent to France and I jumped at the chance. On July Fourth I was sailing up the Gironde River past Bordeaux on the S. S. Rochambeau carrying a contingent of American troops. What a welcome we received!

I will not go into the details of that experience in France, which had its rewarding and disappointing aspects. I worked very hard, but also found myself thrust into responsibilities for which I was not well prepared, as few men were. After a few months it was evident that YMCA men would not move with the troops into the battle lines, but would remain in places of relative safety. Although there were too few qualified workers and experience had taught me much, it was apparent that this was no post for an able-bodied young man of military age. As I had had no military training I decided to take advantage of the opportunity to return home for a brief visit with the family and with Ethel before enlisting. I arrived in New York on January 1, 1918, after a rough voyage on

a badly listing ship.

Getting into the service proved to be much more difficult than I had anticipated. It was no longer possible to enlist in the army directly, and one had to be inducted by his draft board. When I consulted the Toledo draft board they assured me my number would soon be up. I spent some time at Camp Sherman at Chillicothe helping with the YMCA program there, but after some weeks returned to consult again with the draft board. No one there knew the process of voluntary induction, but they permitted me to read all the directives received from Washington, and after two days of study I was able to instruct them how to effect the induction. I arrived at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina about the middle of March.

## In The Army

On the evening of my arrival at camp I looked about and saw a young man in front of a neighboring tent who attracted me. I suggested a walk, and as we strolled we told about ourselves. He was Carroll West, a graduate of Milton College, Wisconsin, a Seventh Day Baptist institution, and a Student Volunteer. After graduation he had spent a year in Student YMCA work at Nebraska Wesleyan and several months in the Army YMCA in this country. With such similar backgrounds we became fast friends at once. His friendship meant much to me through experiences that tried my soul as it had never been tried before. Although members of the same company, our work threw us together but little, but when at leisure we frequently sought each other out. He met his death in the Argonne Forest a few days before I was wounded in action. After the war I visited his parents and other members of the family at Milton Junction, Wisconsin. They were the salt of the earth.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and so it was with my war experiences. At Camp Greene I was assigned to Company B, Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion, Fourth Division Regular Army. The skeleton nucleus of this division was made up of discarded members of the Second Division and was filled out with draftees. Outside of two or three officers from Officer Training Schools not more than three men of the company had ever seen the inside of a college. It was a motley crew.

After being in the quarantine camp only a few days a lieutenant came around to interview some of us. He asked if I could use a typewriter, and I replied that I had had some experience with one. He said, "Report immediately to the company office, you are the Company Clerk." When I protested that I did not join the army to be a clerk, he replied, "In the army you do as you are told." Under the tutelage of a hard boiled army First Sergeant, I got out the March payroll and was made a Corporal. As a clerk I did no drilling with the company. In about a month we moved to the New York City area preparatory to embarkation overseas. After the April payroll was complete the First Sergeant and the Mess Sergeant went A.W.O.L. and we never saw them again. We sailed on the Aquitania without convoy and landed at Liverpool. Under the cover of night

we travelled by train to Dover where we spent a day and a night and then crossed to Calais. Early in May I was back in France.

The officers were puzzled what to do about a First Sergeant as there was no one in the company who had the qualifications. One of the lieutenants was a Yale graduate, Henry Keep, the son of a wealthy Chicago banker, and a very promising young man. As I now knew the paper work, one essential of the job, he talked Captain Holt into appointing me "Top Kick." The Captain had come up from the ranks, had been promoted in spite of himself, and was wholly unsuited for a post of command. I was in a quandary. The Top Sergeant should be able to drill the company as well as any officer, and I had never drilled once with the company, nor studied a drill manual. I was delivered temporarily by an order sending a large detachment of non-commissioned officers to a British Machine Gun school on the English Channel. I was happy to be on the list as this would afford me some experience in drill. When the designated non-coms assembled, I was the only First Sergeant and so was placed in charge of the detail of about 25 men. When I marched them off my orders were so peculiar that all the onlookers broke out in a big laugh and the non-coms were furious to have a dumb rookie over them. At school all worked out happily and I got experience in drill among other things. After about a week the payroll was sent over to be signed and I expected to find my name at the top of the list of the enlisted men, but it was not there. My career as "Top Kick" was shattered, and I was now only a sergeant.

Before the course at the school was over the Germans made their big push to the Marne, and our outfit had been transferred hurriedly to the French portion of the lines and equipped with French machine guns, the Hotchkiss. All my training with the Vickers gun went for nought. When the course was ended, there was a company of about 200 men to be taken to Paris and sent from there to various destinations at the front. Having come to the school as a First Sergeant, again I was placed in charge, but by this time I knew how to give commands and had no trouble.

Of the men who had been sent to the school from Company B all had been transferred to other companies but another sergeant and myself. He was sick in the hospital and I had to report alone. The new First Sergeant, secured from another company, did not know what to do with me. The new equipment was mounted on carts and drawn by mules, and I had no knowledge of either. When the company went out to drill I tagged along like a tail behind a dog and felt almost as useless. Some officers and non-coms including myself were sent ahead to spend a night and day under fire before leading out forces into the lines. We returned just in time to march the company into the fighting lines. At this point the Captain placed the First Sergeant in charge of a platoon and designated me to perform his duties. Under fire the Captain got into the deepest hole he could find and stayed there until compelled to move. I was virtually in command of the company.

Shortly after our withdrawal from the front lines into a rest area, I was again sent away to school under strange circumstances.

It was evident by this time to the authorities that Captain Holt was not qualified for further advancement although he was the ranking officer in the battalion. As means of getting rid of him, he was ordered to attend a machine gun school to be trained in the use of the new Browning gun. At his request I was designated as the non-com to go with him. Later he explained that he had figured that after the course of training was completed we would be sent back to the States to serve as instructors. Evidently he pictured a situation in which he would retail tall stories of exploits under fire to the trainees, while I should carry on the instruction. He failed the course completely, was sent back to his command of Company B, and I with him. But I had enjoyed several weeks in Gondrecourt where I had spent a couple of months the year before on my first YMCA assignment.

We rejoined the company just prior to moving into the Meuse-Argonne sector, and I was made a platoon sergeant in charge of two guns and their crews. It was in action here that I was wounded on October 4th, 1918. We were engaged in an attack, and in such a situation a machine gun unit should have been preceded by a line of infantrymen who would scare up the machine gun nests and other pockets of opposition. We made the advance without infantry cover. All went well until we were dispersed in an open field, when snipers from a hedge in front began to pick us off one by one. The only thing we could do was to crawl back to a hedge in our rear. Just as I was about to disappear in it a bullet struck my left hip and took a good-sized nick out of the sciatic nerve. As the advance went forward I did not have to wait long for first aid and transportation to a field hospital. My left leg was mostly paralyzed and for months I had a drop-foot. I arrived in New York on February 7, 1919 as a crutch patient. As an example of how the military does things, arrangements on the ship returning home were typical. We traveled from Brest on the old Saxonia, a ten days' journey. A company of soldiers who never got further than to Brest occupied the cabins. The crutch patients were housed in a ward located in the hold in the very prow of the ship three floors below the promenade deck, and to reach it we had to climb down two flights of narrow iron steps. Most of us got frightfully seasick, but after three days we were over that and had a glorious time for a week.

After a happy visit with Will and Marion at Montclair, I was sent to Cape May, New Jersey, for recuperation. I soon got rid of the crutches and the therapy then consisted of riding a bicycle on the hard packed sand of the beach. It was the life of Riley, but I had other plans than loafing for a summer at the seashore. By talking hard I secured a discharge in time to enter the summer quarter of the University of Chicago. I still limped rather badly but could get around very well.

## Seminary and Pastorates

I found congenial companions at Chicago, and, of course, Ethel was there. During the school year she would be supervising

art in the schools at Ravinia and Highland Park, but would be home on weekends. Under these circumstances Rochester lost its appeal, and I remained at Chicago, despite the misgivings of Father and Mother in my attending an institution famed for its liberalism. Work under such men as Shailer Mathews, Gerald Birney Smith, J. M. P. Smith, Edgar Goodspeed, and Ernest Dewitt Burton was very stimulating. For a year I served as a student assistant at the Hyde Park Baptist Church under Charles W. Gilkey, and during a second year I was the minister of a rural church at Wasco, Illinois. In eight quarters I completed the B.D. and was ready for marriage and a church. Ethel and I were married on June 30, 1921 at the Hyde Park Baptist Church. Our honeymoon included a trip through the Great Lakes to Buffalo on the South American, and an enjoyable stay in the old cottage at Lakeside.

The church which I accepted was the Baptist Church of Owatonna, Minnesota, which served the students of Pillsbury Academy as well as the community. Before I went there as a candidate I knew nothing of the internal condition of the church, and did not become aware of a serious situation until I had spent a day with the people. The congregation was split by a fundamentalist controversy into two distinct parties in open hostility to one another. There were two large adult classes in the Sunday School, one taught from a liberal point of view by Dr. Milo B. Price, principal of the academy, and the other by Mrs. Stead, an ardent fundamentalist. Both met in the church auditorium with only an aisle between. The aisle was no-man's land. Before I departed on the occasion of my visit to the church as a candidate, Mrs. Stead, as spokesman of the fundamentalists, told me in no uncertain terms that her group wanted no part of me, coming as I did from the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. It was apparent that anyone who accepted an invitation to the post would have to be satisfied to be a majority choice. On the basis of a three to one vote I took the job. The fundamentalists tried to give me a rough time and that is a long story; but I figured that if I gave them enough rope and refused to be drawn into a quarrel with them, eventually they would hang themselves. Some providential deaths and removals cleared the atmosphere, and when we departed after four years the church was able to extend a unanimous call to my successor. The important event in family history to occur in Owatonna was the birth of Herbert in the church parsonage on March 21, 1923. We made lasting friends there both within and without the church and count those years as happy ones.

The second pastorate was at Mason City, Iowa, an industrial community and agricultural center. The former minister had stayed in the post too long and the church was run down. There was much hard work to do there, but the people were responsive and progress was made. After I had been there about eight months I received a letter from President Hughes asking if I would be interested to return to Miami to head up the religious program. I was greatly interested, but in fairness to the church I could not leave after only one year of work. Mr. Hughes kindly agreed to postpone negotia-

tions for a year.

## Back to Miami

In the spring of 1927 arrangements were completed to return to Miami in September. Because I was trying to get the church fully committed to a program of remodeling, I postponed offering my resignation as long as possible. On the Sunday previous to making the announcement, we stopped for dinner at the YWCA cafeteria where I picked up a Des Moines paper and saw on the front page President Hughes' picture under the caption, "New Ames President." It seemed as if the floor had dropped from under me. The real challenge at Miami was to work with him on some experiments he wanted to try out. He urged me to come on to Miami anyhow, and appointed me to be Professor of Religion and Director of Religious Activities. The latter part of the job was the major responsibility during my first years, but gradually I turned those responsibilities over to others and devoted myself to developing the Department of Religion.

Five summers, 1927-1931, were spent at the University of Chicago completing requirements for a Ph.D. My thesis was based on an inquiry as to the effect of the college experience on students' concepts of God. It was during this period that Roger came to bless our household, being born in Chicago on July 11, 1928.

Starting in 1927 with the offering of a single course, the Department of Religion has grown steadily. I now have four associates in the department, all of whom are very engaging and able young men. Most of our classes are filled to capacity and we turn students away. I find real satisfaction in teaching. In my profession I have enjoyed the honor of serving a term as president of the National Association of Biblical Instructors.

For a period of ten years or more I served as a member of the National Student Committee of the YMCA and for four years was a member of the National Council of that association. Denison University recognized my services to the religion of youth by awarding me an Alumni Citation at the commencement exercises of June 1949.

My responsibilities at Miami for twelve years included direction of the weekly assemblies. I arranged the programs, secured the speakers, and presided over the sessions except on occasion when the president was able to attend. Through the selection of speakers especially, I was able to influence the broader cultural life of the university in a significant way. The rapid growth of the university finally made these assemblies impractical and they were abandoned as a regular feature.

Speaking of the growth of the university, since my first contact with it in the fall of 1915 the enrollment has multiplied ten times, from approximately 750 to more than 7500, and the rapid increase promises to continue without letup. The educational plant has expanded proportionately and Miami can take pride in an impressive layout of buildings in Georgian Colonial style which

are well arranged on an extensive and beautiful campus.

For fourteen years Dr. Eliot Porter served as minister of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Oxford and we became fast friends. He encouraged me to do some writing for the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education and in 1936 I produced a series of studies for young people entitled, "Jesus and the Kingdom of God." This encouraged further endeavour on my part and in 1939 Harper and Brothers published my book "Youth Looks at Religion." It was adopted as a text for an introductory course in religion by a number of schools and colleges, and a revised and enlarged edition was brought out in 1947. The work was again revised in 1959 and given a more appropriate title, "The Concerns of Religion." In 1960, on Ethel's insistence, I collected a number of brief meditations which had been used as devotions at the university assemblies and many of which had been published in The Beta Theta Pi Magazine. We published these in a little book entitled "Time Out!" which has elicited many words of appreciation from friends.

In 1950 it was my privilege to join Sherwood Eddy's traveling seminar to capitals of Europe including Berlin. We conferred with outstanding personalities in each country and obtained valuable insight into the problems that faced postwar Europe. In 1956, four days after the wedding of Ruth Wickenden to Alan Abel in Bronxville, Ethel, her sister Agnes and I sailed on the Queen Mary for a tour through ten countries of Europe including England, three Scandinavian countries, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France. Each country was found to be interesting in its own way and we especially enjoyed the great art centers. Another great joy was that of visiting with English and Swedish cousins. As these words are written in March 1962, the three of us have plans for another tour of Europe during the coming summer, and this time we expect to travel by car to a number of areas not visited earlier.

In the area of community service there have been two interests which have yielded considerable satisfaction. During the second world war I served as the first Chairman of the Oxford USO. Oxford was overrun with naval trainees as the university's facilities were used to capacity. The USO provided attractive club rooms on the square in Oxford which were greatly used and appreciated. The second venture was that of initiating a new student religious foundation in Oxford named The United Christian Fellowship. It was started in the fall of 1953 with the cooperation of five denominations which do not have local churches in Oxford, American Baptist, Disciples, Congregational-Christian, Evangelical and Reformed, and Evangelical United Brethren.

During its first year I served as a volunteer director of the program. Starting from scratch, with no facilities except an unfurnished rented house, the organization has developed to the point where it now employs an able fulltime minister and owns a desirable property directly across from the campus which it uses as a student center. When this property came on the market in 1957 the Fellowship was without capital resources and I found it possible to acquire the title to it and to make it available to the Fellowship on a

rental basis. In the years since, the supporting denominations have made appropriations which have enabled the trustees to purchase the property. The development of this enterprise has been very rewarding.

In 1931 we became interested in some property outside the Village of Oxford, a piece of woodland on the old Bonham Farm, and bought the site of our present home. Ethel supervised the building that summer while I finished the work for my degree at Chicago. We moved into the new home in October. This was the best investment we ever made. The boys had great fun romping over the hillside, and we all have loved our home. Ethel's paintings have contributed much to an attractive interior. It has been the scene of many happy gatherings of varied groups of people and among them there have been a number of notable personalities. We have found life good in Oxford.

---

Herbert Russell Wickenden married Merriam Anderson at Glen View, Illinois, on June 18, 1948. Their elder son, Eric Russell, who was adopted, was born in Chicago on August 8, 1953. Charles Brandt was born in Akron, Ohio on July 5, 1957.

Roger Consaul Wickenden married Mary Cory at Oxford, Ohio, July 17, 1949. Their two daughters are Lynn Cory, born September 13, 1952 at China Lake, California, and Jane Leslie, born on June 14, 1954, also at China Lake.

# Ruth Wickenden Winans

The only really exciting thing about my arrival as the seventh child of the family on September 14, 1895 must have been that I turned up as a girl after three boys in a row.

The first memories that come to mind are a flash of pictures about 602 Starr Avenue, the Norway maples on Starr Avenue, the crooked boxelders on 6th Street, the big mulberry bush near the front sidewalk, the lovely white birch near the front entrance, the apricot tree that drew so much attention when in bloom, the quince bush, so much fun to climb in, the white grapes (I can smell and taste them yet) the purple grapes, and apple, cherry and plum trees too. The yard seemed adequate for our play but got rough treatment. I recall distinctly that we did not leave it without permission, so as a rule most of the neighborhood children came to us to play.

Some vivid memories are shared by all of us as to the inside of the house. Uncle Rob's many paintings hung on the neutral colored tan walls, Mother's little Steinway piano, the golden oak bookcase desk and center table, Father's straight back office type chair with smooth turned wooden arms, Father's organ and the duck picture hanging over it. I can see the rather crowded dining room, where eleven sat down for three meals a day, with long white tablecloths and napkins with individual rings, the old silver sugar bowl and spoon holder and the pass through cupboard for dishes. The kitchen and pantry were adequate but poorly arranged and somehow in them Father and Mother managed enough food to keep the big brood growing and well nourished. There were the screened cellar shelves where extras and leftover foods were stored, the vegetable cellar with dirt floor, the bins for potatoes and vegetables, stone crocks with pickles and rows of canned food. This eventually was made into a room to use as a laundry, and I recall a washing machine run by water pressure which was a great innovation over the hand cranked ones.

Then there was the shed back of the kitchen also used as a laundry room in summer. I remember so well the first ice refrigerator we bought and put out there and what a wonderful help it was to Mother.

Going to the front hall there was the walnut bannister on which all of us had many a slide and some tumbles. There was the guest room over the parlor with the whatnot filled with curios.

The little sewing room at the head of the stairs which contained Lottie's square walnut child's bed which we all occupied, sometimes two at a time, as we came along. I have this bed and while I have not used it for some years, different friends of mine have used it continuously since Mother let me have it for Dorothy Jean when she was two. I also have the old walnut chest that was in Grandmother Wickenden's room. This chest was purchased by Father and Grandmother when they first set up housekeeping in Toledo. On the back of this chest is one single rough sawed board which is twenty-nine inches wide. This chest has printed in it: From Grove Rigby, 71 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio. In the small top drawers Grandmother kept a sack of hard candy. Dorothy and I, and possibly Arthur, received a piece of this every morning after breakfast when we would go up to see her for a few minutes. My memories of her are rather stern but never unkind. Her long illness following her stroke and the difficult care she required is one of the crosses Mother bore somehow on top of her enormous housekeeping job.

Of course, upstairs recollections must not leave out the bathroom. The pull chain toilet, the wood encased zinc tub (that made a fine slicky-slide) and so elegant in its day, the attic stairway leading to that funspot for rainy days, the old wooden tank up there which was part of the softwater plumbing, the dormer windows, the corner where Dorothy and I had our playhouse and dolls, the old castiron book press that we used to crack nuts, the winter pears spread out on the floor to ripen, and the clotheslines for mother's washings in rainy weather, all are most vivid.

One of my earliest memories of pre-school days was the daily nap after lunch in Mother's and Father's downstairs bedroom. When sleep just wouldn't come my chief amusement was riding the footboard of that old walnut bed like a hobby horse, with always a careful ear for Mother's checking on me. If that didn't seem fun my other amusement was to get in that back stairway that opened into the shed from Mother's bedroom and pretend it was my little house. That back stairway was an amazing "outlet" for all of us at times, I am sure.

The most outstanding memory of this period centers around Aunt Jenny Consaul's wedding to Arthur Taylor. I was allowed even at four years of age to walk over to Grandma Consaul's home on Main Street, if I went across the back lot where the "magnificent" Taylor home (not Arthur's) was built. One Saturday morning while at Grandmother's, I was told about this wedding and my part in it. I was shown all the clothes I was going to wear. The white lawn dress with short puffed sleeves I had tried on at Aunt Cora's, having been told that she was making it for another little girl just my size. But there on Aunt Jenny's bed was this lovely little dress with gold pins to fasten it, embroidered flannel and white petticoats, long white stockings, white kid shoes with jeweled buckles and white hair ribbons. I still have the dress and shoes and in a recent centennial celebration in Ashland I displayed them as garments worn over fifty years ago.

On this particular Saturday I remember running home at

noon and finding the family at the dining room table. I went from person to person telling each of them of some item of my new and marvelous collection of clothes. I had had my fourth birthday in September and this was early November. The wedding was in the old Second Baptist Church, then located across from Franklin School, on Thanksgiving Day. I was the only attendant. I wore a wreath around my neck made of tiny rosebuds and leaves and carried a basket of rose petals which I scattered before the bride.

In the rehearsal the day before the wedding I had been instructed how to hold Aunt Jenny's bouquet during the ring ceremony. We practiced with a bunch of dry twigs, but at the service she carried a long spray of calla lillies with long stiff stems and too heavy to hold as I had been rehearsed. I did not know what to do with them so I propped them over my right shoulder like a gun, and the picture of the wedding taken from the balcony shows them perched up there.

After the ceremony I was to lead them out, but as I got to the third pew where our family sat I spied Dorothy on Father's knee. I halted the procession while I kissed her, and Father had to hurry me on down the aisle. Those were the days when all of us sat in church in the third row front every Sunday.

My next distinct memory was when I was five, weeping copiously the day Will left for college at Granville. On being asked why I cried I remember saying,"You'd cry too if you had a big brother going away to college." That was in 1900.

Grade school days were not very spectacular. I think I can recall all of my teachers. They were Mr. Van Cleve, the principal, Mrs. White, Miss Rennelsbecker, Miss Wall, and her mother Mrs. Kemp, the Misses Marie and Evelyn Metzgar, Miss Maria Farst and my greatly beloved Mrs. Walters. I was a conscientious student but shy and very self conscious and left no great mark behind me.

Family recollections of this period which stand out were Lottie's chronic illnesses, the frequent times when she had headaches and we had to play on the other side of the house, and finally her going to Oklahoma to seek better health. Her letters from that experience were as good as any story book for me.

The annual trips to the Lakeside cottage were the subject of our plans and dreams from New Years until school was out in June. I believe there was no influence in our childhood experiences quite as great as that vacation experience. We were always eager and ready to go as soon as someone could take us. Mother would get her vacation by staying home with the baby. Grandmother Consaul, Lottie and Ida seemed to take command at the lake. Father came once in a while but never seemed content to stay. His building of the interurban railroad that took us directly to the lake must have been a great satisfaction to him as it was a matter of pride and convenience to all of us.

There was more or less routine to our home responsibilities during this period. The three children in grade school had the chore of doing the breakfast dishes before we could leave for school. The oldest one washed, the next one wiped and the youngest cleared the table and put dishes away. How Mother stood us I don't know,

because we drew hair lines on who was to do what, and the rules were many. Eighth grade graduation meant graduating from breakfast dishes too.

At this time I helped with the enormous amount of Saturday morning baking and house cleaning. Speaking of baking, do you all remember that Father used to put on a huge white apron and help Mother mix a batch of bread in a huge dishpan before he left for his office? I recall Mother baked eleven loaves at a time twice a week, and the heels were always gone from all the loaves before she could get them cooled and wrapped to pack in the big stone bread crocks. As much as we loved her bread, we always thought that the sour bakers' bread we got one day a week was a wonderful treat.

It was when I was in the sixth grade, I believe, that Ida graduated from Denison and planned her departure for China. It was early spring of that year that Esther Lamb and I made our first and famous trip to visit our sisters at Granville. I recall that we went to a big reception where, I am afraid, "Pleased to meet you" was the full extent of my conversation. At any rate, while eating Sunday dinner at Thornton's who lived in Granville, I came out with "Pleased to meet you" when they passed me a plate of cake. One of Ida's beaux gave us a box of fruit to eat on the old T. & O.C. on our way back to Toledo.

For weekend amusements there were Saturday and Sunday afternoon walks and an occasional trip with Father out in the country where he helped run a Sunday School. Mother's frequent suggestion to us was a walk over to the "Green Hills", the area where Waite High School now stands. There was a pond where we skated and some little hills where we could coast in winter. In the spring a variety of wild flowers could be found in the woods. Esther Lamb (now Mrs. Ralph Lucke) and I took many Sunday walks together. I recall being just a little jealous of her for she had Sunday shoes and kid gloves.

When I was about ten years old Rollin Wickenden's wife, Choice, died when Martha Jane was born. To help Rollin solve his immediate problem James, about five then, came to live with us for a year. He was taking music from Alicia Quaife and would come home to ask me to play his new pieces. I was proud of my "superior ability" and readily obliged. In a few weeks, however, Alicia asked if any of us played James' music for him and I spoke up proudly that I did every week. She then requested that none of us do this as James was playing entirely by ear and not learning to read music at all.

Homer, of course, was taking his music seriously those days and he tried to keep me encouraged with mine. Later, when he learned to sing, he tried with great patience to have me play the accompaniments, but alas, I was pretty poor at it.

Tom used to like to sing too, and brought home some of the first popular music we ever had around the house. I believe Tom was also responsible sometime for buying and setting up our first radio (played off of batteries in those days), but what a source of enjoyment as well as a matter of pride it was! Somewhere about this time someone bought a cheap Victrola and Homer brought home a few

classical records. I remember especially that Andante Cantabile was my favorite.

Our next door neighbors of those days were Moons with their parrot, and speaking of animals I'm sure you all recall the hunch-backed cripple who rode around in a little wooden wagon pulled by a goat. We passed his house on our way to Franklin School and were always intrigued. The following names I also recall: Litchfields, Baumgardners, Klaibers, Halls (I remember Gertie), Van Cleves, Tuckers, Florys, Lockharts, Hoyts, Jones (grocery store), Urschels, Howes, Mittenthals and Sokolskys, whom Mother innocently advised to use "sulphur and lard" when their children got the itch. None of us will forget the bulbous nose of another neighbor, Father Harks. Never will I forget one day when we were skating in the side yard that one of the neighbor boys shouted at him as he walked back and forth and called him a name. He came right to our front door. The children all scattered, and he told Mother that Arthur had called him "Nosey." Mother knew it probably was one of the other children and she did her best to be polite, hide her amusement and make amends. Arthur, I believe, had to apologize and tell him he did not do it.

Speaking of Father Harks reminds me of how entertained we were at all the Catholic funerals when the black hacks with liveried drivers lined up in front of our house during the service. We could see our distorted reflections in the shiny black curved sides, much to our amusement.

The old barn still stood in those days filled with Father's engineering camp equipment, block and tackle, ropes, heavy wooden blocks, etc. There was no end to the uses the boys found for this stuff, summer and winter. I particularly remember making a high step arrangement back near the alley, packing the steps with snow, pouring water over it to freeze into a glaze of ice and sliding from it onto a sheet of ice Father would let us make by flooding the side yard.

It was during this period that Tom built his famous boat. He will tell that tale, no doubt. Also I hope he tells about the "flying dutchman" he made first--with rubber tired wheels on a plank frame with a cloth sail. Euclid Avenue had just been asphalted and this vehicle would ride the length of the Avenue at quite a speed. It was short lived, however, as the police said he was scaring horses and he would have to refrain from using it.

Tom had to defend himself against the combined Homer and Arthur team, and I recall on one occasion when they were upset by something Tom had done to them they asked Mother if she didn't think we could sell him to someone.

I will always wonder at Tom's patience with me, a girl and seven years younger, but he would take me sailing sometimes. I guess I was as frightened as I was flattered. One time he, with Lawrence Severance and me, sailed up to Walbridge Park. I was to be home by three o'clock so they planned to put me off on the east side of the river, near Lawrence's sister, to get a street car back home. I was up straddling the prow, and as we came near

to shore we had a good breeze and came in at quite a clip. In shallow water, however, we ran up onto a waterlogged raft which we couldn't see. Of course we tipped over, but I was high and dry on the prow and hung on. The boys put me on land and got me up the bank to the car line and I left them to bail out and get out of their difficulty. I never told anyone and the boys came in at dusk, all dried out with no one the wiser. That time there really was no danger. One time though I was out in Maumee Bay with Tom, and a sudden gust of wind caught us. He told me to grab a certain rope and I got the wrong one and we almost capsized.

Homer always encouraged my piano efforts and we had fun working on the old organ by putting foot pedals on it made out of our old blocks. Arthur was always kind and would read to me from The Youth's Companion. I was more aware of his school achievements than any of the others and was terribly impressed with his good grades. I'm sure that was the source of my inferiority complex in school.

My chief memories of Dorothy start back when she was about eighteen months to two years of age and we all wanted to play with her like a doll. I can remember going without dessert so I could play with her before her bedtime. Later, however, I remember special privileges which she seemed to have and I did not. They bobbed her hair but would not cut mine. She was allowed to wear ankle socks, an innovation of that day, but they kept me in stockings, which, of course, made me jealous of her. As I recall, we each went our own way, more or less, and had our respective friends and activities, but we got along very well when our interests did run parallel.

In high school I was still shy and ill at ease but much in love with some aspects of it. I was at East Side Central for three years, where Miss Goodall became my great inspiration for biological subjects. I loved gymnasium work and basketball. The year at Central High was somewhat disconcerting as it was difficult to transfer into a new and more sophisticated group in the senior year.

Ida's experiences in China were the keen and novel interests of those days and Will's achievements were always points of great pride to me. The first trip which he and Marion made to Europe, when Betty, a two year old, came to stay with us, is a vivid memory. I recall especially Mother's sweet way with Betty and how proud Father and Mother were of their first grandchild.

When I graduated from high school Ida was returning from China. I decided to stay in Toledo and take a few hours at Toledo University so I could spend some time with her. The next summer she decided to marry Justin Nixon and I was her attendant, wearing a beautiful white batiste dress she had had embroidered for me in China. Harmon Nixon was best man and I was greatly impressed with him.

I went to Denison that fall of 1914, and Arthur, a senior, was a great help to me. In my own senior year I was president of Shephardson Student Government, a position which weighed heavily upon my shoulders, and I was greatly honored to be elected May

Queen that spring. We were about to enter World War I, and in an attempt to be patriotic in our celebration I was dressed as Columbia, and Justice, Liberty, and Truth were my attendants.

One college experience I have cherished goes back to the summer between my junior and senior years. I went as a delegate to a national college YWCA meeting at Eaglesmere, Pa. The speakers were of broader vision than any I had ever heard before. The mingling with students from all over the world and the great inspiration of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick who was the leader of the day-to-day discussions were a great experience. I had to leave the conference a day before it closed to get to Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y. for a summer school session. Imagine my embarrassment but great delight to find Dr. Fosdick as my sole companion on that train coming down the mountain. That was forty years ago and he was a young man in his early forties, but as we all know, even then a powerhouse of inspiration. Such a thrill!

My studies at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, N. Y. furnished more new experiences and broadened my source of long lasting friends. My biological studies at this Marine Laboratory were wonderful. I rode on parts of Long Island Sound on tugs and launches and had many trips in a canoe. One time we paddled about six miles to an anchored Navy training ship. They allowed us to come aboard via a rope ladder over the side. Our inspection tour was so interesting we didn't notice a hard blow had arisen, and believe me, when we climbed down to that pitching canoe about ten p.m. and started our six miles back to shore I thought my end had come. We made it though. My escort was as relieved as I when we landed.

Other features of that summer at Cold Spring were the fact that a sudden embargo on all freight except war supplies separated me from my trunk for about five weeks and all I had was my suitcase. Then a serious polio epidemic was a terrifying experience with one death in our group. I wound up the summer with a two weeks visit with Will and Marion. This was in a cottage on the New Jersey shore where we could see the freighters out a few miles being loaded with T.N.T. to be sent abroad.

I went back to Denison for my senior year where I assisted in the biology department. Also I swam in the pool every day and was able to win the swimming championship at the annual girls' athletic meet. It was during this same year that so many of us gathered for Tom and Dee's wedding. I was greatly awed by all the lovely preparations. I am sure others in the family will refer to this occasion.

I had dated Leslie Winans quite steadily my senior year and when he entered the University of Chicago Medical School in the fall of 1917 I went to Boston for a year of extra work at Simmons College, wearing his Kappa Sigma pin. I lived that first year with Will and Marion in West Roxbury. Will, then at M.I.T., drove me to school every day in his model T Ford. They were most kind to me and made it a very pleasant year. That summer I went to Rochester to take care of John Nixon while Ida went to the hospital to have Charles. Later I went back to Cape Cod for several weeks

with Will and Marion at Brewster and loved it.

In the fall Will and Marion left for Europe and I stayed on at Simmons as an Assistant in the biology department, at which time I had my introduction to the ins and outs of renting rooms and apartments in large cities. I was certainly ignorant and had some rather rude awakenings.

During this time Homer's and Arthur's army experiences were of great interest to all. Our great joy when the Armistice was signed was changed to dismay when we heard some time after the Armistice that Arthur had been wounded some days before the fighting ceased. He will tell his own story. I went to see him in New York City a few days after he landed, just after he had been fitted with an adequate leg brace. He walked with crutches. I remember his laughing about Fifth Avenue traffic stopping so he could walk across the street. Homer, of course, was disgusted that all his battles were fought with a typewriter.

Leslie was sworn into the Army as soon as he entered medical school. By some error his class were never issued uniforms and were always being picked up as slackers when they would forget to have their papers on them. When the war was over he was given an honorable discharge with $60.00 discharge pay, the sum total of his pay for his two years in the army. The army provided no board, room, tuition or books, a far cry from our army medical training program today.

During Leslie's senior year in medical school we decided to get married, having been engaged for three years, and were joined in a simple ceremony in Toledo on September 7, 1920. Those who were there may remember the dither we were in when my bouquet didn't come. Homer improvised for half an hour on the piano. Finally the flowers arrived, the truck having been involved in a wreck.

Poor as we were, we had a ten day wedding trip to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The weather was gorgeous and we had a fine time. While there Arthur, who had been released earlier in the summer from a New Jersey hospital, came to spend a few days with us. I believe he told us more of his war experiences those quiet evenings on the lake than he has ever told before or since. Also, on that wedding trip we were hiking through a trail in a dense woods one day and heard someone coming toward us. Much to our surprise it was Gordon Seagrave, now the famous Burma surgeon, and his wife. We had been at Denison with him and his sister Grace and they were then preparing to leave for Burma and a spectacular career.

Dorothy Jean was born June 28, 1921, two days before Ethel's beautiful church wedding in Hyde Park which I had hoped to attend in a much made over evening dress and cape. But one reward for my disappointment was that Father and Mother got an early glimpse of D.J.

Leslie was called home because of illness in his family and I came home with D.J. all alone and to an empty apartment. As he was interning for the next eighteen months I finally decided I

wasn't equal to being alone so much and went home to Toledo where Father, Mother and Aunt Dorothy eased my worries and loneliness so much.

The next spring I was visiting Lottie and Stephen in Ashland, Kentucky when Leslie joined us for a few days. We decided we liked a small town, the milder climate and other features and ended up coming here to live and practice. Lottie and Stephen always were a marvelous help in many, many ways. Those early years were hard for we were living on borrowed money. First Father and then Tom came to our aid. When those notes were paid off you can imagine our great joy. But those years had their sad side also, as first Father and then Mother passed away. Dorothy's faithful attention to them during those years made us all feel very grateful to her.

I think at times Leslie has wished he had stayed nearer a large medical center, but he has done an excellent job professionally and grown with the community. We have had a good life here and the children have now left to find their fortunes elsewhere.

Leslie and I are grateful to each of our families (he was one of nine children) for the love and affection and the solidarity one feels through close family ties. We hope that same feeling continues on through the next generations.

---

Ruth and Leslie Haines Winans are parents of three children, Dorothy Jean, born in Chicago on June 28, 1921, Charlotte Ruth, born in Ashland, Kentucky, on March 31, 1926, and Thomas Roger, born in Ashland on February 12, 1933.

Charlotte Ruth Winans married John W. Hook II of Cabin Ridge, West Virginia at Ashland, Kentucky on August 27, 1949. They are the parents of four sons. John William III was born at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma on June 8, 1951, Thomas Leslie at Ironton, Missouri, on February 26, 1953, Richard Charles on October 19, 1954 at Marion, Kentucky, and James Garvin on July 30, 1959 at Salem, Kentucky.

Thomas Roger Winans married Janet Jenkins of South Bend, Ohio in Cincinnati on August 18, 1956. They have a son, Robert Anthony, born at Salem, Kentucky on January 7, 1959.

Dorothy Jean Winans married Frederick Dismuke Knapp, Jr. at Richmond, Virginia on February 2, 1959. They are the parents of Frederick Gary, born on September 23, 1959 at Charlottesville, Va.

# Dorothy Wickenden Klag

Having been born Dorothy May, August 7, 1898 into a family of seven older brothers and sisters, two parents and a grandmother, my earliest feelings were those of being overwhelmed by a housefull of adults. To be very honest, being the youngest has not been the most enviable position in which to find one's self. Through the years there have been many sad and lonely experiences to transcend; however there has also been a bright side with certain gratifications.

In this span of nearly sixty-four years much has been forgotten but I am listing some early childhood impressions which come to mind: getting my daily ration of candy from Grandmother Wickenden's dresser; turkey dinners at Grandmother Consaul's on Thanksgiving Day and the wonderful smell of her cellar; our old barn and the pigeons roosting there; Sunday morning devotions and afternoon walks to the "green hill" and Highway's pond; singing around the piano or the old organ which Homer rigged up for foot pedaling; ice skating in the side yard and a high bank of snow for coasting; jumping rides on the fireman's bob-sled as it drove by; creamed onions for Saturday lunch, baked beans at night and guests for Sunday supper; Father's Research Club picnics; Arthur's threatened arrest by "Nosey" Father Harks; the building of Tom's sail boat in the back yard; marching two by two from the old Baptist Church to the new one for the dedication; the excitement when Ida left for China and my correspondence with a Chinese girl who later visited me in Toledo; a trip to Sarnia with Ruth on the wrong boat; trips to Lakeside in the spring to pick wild flowers and staying overnight with the Waters girls; becoming an aunt when eleven and baby sitting one whole summer with Betty when Will and Marion went to Europe; and the thrill of riding in Tom's first car and attending his wedding in Covington.

My grade school days at Franklin seemed uneventful. However, one year because of overcrowding our class met in the back of the old Baptist church across the street. I attended three high schools without moving, which is quite a record: Old East Side Central my freshman year, Old Central my sophomore year, and incidentally its last, and Waite my junior and senior years. I belonged to the Zetalethean Literary Society and the Camp Fire Girls which was sponsored by the YWCA. After graduation in 1916 I entered Denison with much fear and trepidation lest I could not up-

hold the family reputation for scholarship. To help earn my tuition I delivered mail "rain or shine, snow or sleet" to the dorms and cottages for two years and corrected math papers for Anna B. Peckham the last two. It was all very good experience. I accepted a bid to the Chi Psi Delta Sorority, now Kappa Alpha Theta, to which I will always be grateful for polishing off the rough edges of adolescence. I participated in YW and athletic activities, sang in the Chapel Choir and the Girl's Glee Club. These were war years, our food was rationed and many social activities were curtailed. I contracted the flu and had to be carried by two profs from Stone Hall to the Kappa House which was a temporary hospital. Homer came over from Camp Sherman to visit me and help cheer me up. On Armistice Day there was great rejoicing, only to be marred by receiving word that Arthur had been wounded in France. My junior year I had the privilege of attending an Eaglesmere Conference, thanks to Ruth who sent my expense money. I wept copiously after receiving a B.S. degree at graduation, as those four years seemed as near heaven as I had been on earth.

Mother and Father seemed delighted with the decision that I would return to Toledo to live. After teaching two weeks at Birmingham School in Ironville I was called to Waite High School for an interview. Nelson "Knocky" Rupp who was then football coach at Waite had recommended me for a secretarial job in the principal's office. It was much more to my liking, and I accepted with pleasure. Those were six fascinating years. I worked hard but learned a great deal, met many interesting people and attended most of the school dances and parties. I really made football fans out of Mother and Father. Jimmy Wickenden, who seemed like a brother, having lived with us for several years after his mother's death, was the quarterback of the team and interest was high. Ruth was married to Leslie at home and I was privileged to be her bridesmaid. A year later I served in the same capacity at Ethel's and Arthur's marriage in Chicago and saw my namesake Dorothy Jean Winans who was born a few days previous.

Having the family's education behind them, Mother and Father decided to do a bit of traveling. They went to Canada visiting several nephews and cousins and were especially impressed with Dan Kidney at Ottawa. They also traveled west to California via the Grand Canyon and several National Parks and returned by Lake Louise and Banff, visiting Cousin Fifille en route. During his last years Father worked for the Defiance Gas & Electric Co. and was superintendent of the old Miami and Erie Canal and the power house in Maumee. I often wonder what he would think if he could see it all now. The canal bed is the Anthony Wayne Highway and the power house is an exclusive social club owned by the Edison Co. His passing in 1924 interrupted his dream of returning to England and visiting his relatives there.

In 1925 Will was traveling in Europe for the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education and, at his suggestion, Mother and I returned to Europe with him after a quick trip home for a

conference. We met Marion and Betty in England and were indebted to them for conducting us through England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and France. Upon returning to Toledo I was met at the station by a young man with a diamond ring. Thus I became engaged to marry Frederick William Klag who also was the youngest of eight children. He was a graduate of Ohio State University in engineering, belonged to Eta Kappa Nu honorary engineering fraternity and at that time was teaching physics at Waite High School. He was also serving as Faculty Manager of Athletics with championships in all categories. He took these teams from coast to coast and south to the gulf. In the meantime he had developed quite a reputation as a public speaker and gave many afterdinner speeches and graduation addresses throughout northern Ohio. We were married July 7, 1926 at home with a simple ceremony and only the immediate families in attendance. We took our honeymoon trip to California via the Grand Canyon, returning by way of Seattle, Vancouver, Lake Louise and Banff. Upon our return we started housekeeping in the upstairs apartment.

That fall Mother left for a trip to Iowa to visit Ethel and Arthur. At Christmas time she went east to visit Will, Tom, Homer and Ida. When she returned home it became evident that she was not well and was failing rapidly. After several months of illness she passed away in May 1927.

We moved most of the family furniture, dishes etc. to the Lakeside cottage and thereafter had comfortable beds and plenty of dishes. In May 1929 when I was six months pregnant a long distance telephone call came from Lakeside that our cottage was on fire and to come down immediately. After a family consultation it was decided to buy the cottage on Third Street.

On August 8, 1929 Frederick William Klag, Jr. came to live with us and all was going well until one Saturday in October when Fred rushed to get our pay check into the bank. In fact, he was the last one in. The crash came and our bank never opened again. Things went from bad to worse, taxes did not come in, our salary went down and down, and what we did get was paid in script which the merchants would not accept. We had previously purchased a lot in Ottawa Hills but had to give it up. We really hit bottom. Somehow we survived, but never recovered.

In the meantime we joined St. Paul's Methodist Church as a compromise between Fred's Reformed and my Baptist background. Fred taught the adult class and we have both served on the official board and in many other capacities.

Frederick, like the rest of the family, attended Franklin School. At Waite High, in spite of the fact that his father was Assistant Principal and Dean of Boys, he made a good scholastic record. He served as student leader of the band which played for all the football games and traveled with the team for out of town games. The band featured Theresa Brewer, the now famous jazz singer and TV star. Frederick attended Miami University for two years and had arranged to transfer to Ohio State for engineering when his father was stricken in August 1949 while addressing the

Woman's Club at Lakeside. Plans were suddenly changed and he entered Toledo University in order to be at home. He was very satisfied, as Toledo has a fine College of Engineering thanks to Will who had revamped and standardized its curriculum, and for which he received an honorary degree.

Upon graduation Frederick went to Akron where he was employed by the government as an engineer at the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation. For eight summers he had worked at the Sohio Service Station at Lakeside and had really instilled Lakeside into his blood. Here he met Mary Louise Miller of Elyria, who also was employed at Lakeside during the summers. They were married July 10, 1954 at the First Methodist Church in Elyria and we were gratified to have Arthur assist in the ceremony. Mary was graduated from Lake Erie College as an art major and taught art in Warren and Akron before John Frederick was born February 7, 1956 (Father's birthday). In June they moved to Berea, Ohio where Frederick worked for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. They bought their home at 8995 Lindberg Boulevard and on November 16, 1958 Geoffrey William arrived. Brian Thomas followed on May 8, 1961. Since 1960 Frederick has been employed as Industrial Sales Engineer for the Alloy Engineering Company of Berea. He thoroughly enjoys his work and does an occasional bit of traveling for the firm, which is located near the Cleveland Airport. From all indications this branch of the family is becoming as Lakeside minded as the rest of us. Having both maternal and paternal grandparents there every summer, this is not surprising.

My extra-curricular activities include several organizations. Having organized and served as president of our Toledo Denison Women's Club, I was asked to become a member of Samagama Club, a service group composed only of presidents of accepted clubs. In 1929 I was invited to join P.E.O., a national organization interested in the education of women the world over. In this group I have made wonderful friendships which I have cherished through the years. While serving as president of our chapter I was sent to the National Convention at Houston, Texas, all expenses paid. Music has always interested me though I have had no formal training in it. From childhood up to the time of Fred's illness I always sang in a choir and occasionally a trio. In the past I have sung in the Toledo Choral Society, Madrigal Club, which gave yearly concerts at the Toledo Museum of Art, and the McCune Chorus which sang at the World's Fair in Chicago. I belong to the American Association of University Women and at present am particularly interested in the Antique Group. I have learned to cane and have caned three chairs at the Lakeside cottage. At one time or another I have served on the Boards of the YWCA, the Goodwill Auxiliary and the Republican Women's Club.

Since Fred's complete retirement in 1957 his life is of necessity more sedentary. However, I have <u>not</u> retired and find my duties and responsibilities increasing daily. Between the six months spent at Lakeside and an occasional trip to Berea we manage to keep from a life of boredom. Our traveling is of the arm-chair variety, but we can always dream. Our latch string is always out,

either at 602 Starr Avenue or at the "Jenny Wren" for any of the family who come our way.

# Appendix

Letters written from Canada on one sheet of paper by J. E. and Mary Quaife, November 15, 1832.

Letter of Mr. James Quaife

Dear Friends,

I am sorry I have so long neglected writing to you myself, but when we landed at Quebec, Mr. Scott was writing to his friends and he put in a few lines for me, and a request that his friends would favor you with a reading of the letter which would give you more information than I could, as I kept no account of what happened on our passage, but I would say now, that we had on the whole a good passage to what many had. Our Captain was very kind to us, and allowed us many indulgences we should not have had if we had sailed from London. We had a fire between decks, and a light if we wanted, and always sufficient water. We were seven weeks from the time we went on board, to the time we left, and till then we had not known the unpleasantness of traveling.

We went from the ship to the steamboat, and there we were crowded like sheep in a market, there being 14 or 1500 persons on board. We left Quebec on Tuesday and landed at Montreal on Thursday morning, and took lodgings but not very comfortable. We had to pay even for boiling water. We waited till Saturday and then took passage in a Durram-boat for Kingston, which they told us we should reach in 5 or 6 days, and there I meant to have applied to the Emigrants Society to send me up further, but this mode of travelling is the worst I ever saw, for there were 50 or 60 of us in a small boat, not larger than a small barge, without shelter or accomodations for cooking, or for making tea, and the men a drinking set, not caring whether they got on their way or not; that in 8 days we had not got halfway, and no better prospects of getting the rest of our journey quicker. This delay in time caused us to spend our money for provisions beyond what we had calculated, and being exposed to all kinds of weathers and night air, Mary began to be very poorly, so we took our things from the boat at Milroche township, Cornwall, Upper Canada. Since then Mary has had bowel complaint very violent at times, but is now getting over it. When we first stopped we thought of moving on further if we could increase our money.

The first month I did but little work, as planting was just done, and there was not much doing till hoeing and haying (we had changed our last sovereign) then I could get plenty of work: the person who took us in is a Yorkshireman. He had been here two years, he pretended to befriend us but it was his own ends he was seeking. He charged us 3/- a week for our lodgings, which kept us from getting anything forward, and there was no place to be got elsewhere. We remained there 8 weeks, and finding we could go no further this year we looked about for a place to winter and hired a little log house about 1½ miles from Milroche, and have settled for the present. Our house has but one room and stands close to the bushes. We have our firing for fetching and I give two days work a month for rent. For it the farmer finds me board, he is a Scotchman, and has been out about 12 years and is willing to help me as far as he can. He like me came out with nothing. Now he has got 200 acres of land, good barn and house stable, shed for cattle, etc., on it. His land is not all paid for so that he is obliged to pay with the produce of his cleared land, which prevents him from having work done which would be to his advantage had he the grain to pay for labor. I have not wanted work since I have been with him. The first month I was with him he got three new chairs, and a new axe which cost 5½ dollars and I owed him two days work only to be clear. Since then I have been working for another Scotchman and he seems well satisfied and willing to do me a kindness.

The one I live under has promised to get me a cow and I offset it in labour and a piece of land to plant in shares, if I can raise the seed, but we have the first winter to get through which is always the worst time for newcomers, as winters here are long and a person ought to have a stock of flour and meat beforehand. But if we have not earned it I think they will not let us want.

I shall get potatoes to carry us through by digging on shares. I have every tenth bushel for digging, and the farmer boards me. The crops of apples is thin this year - 2/- a bushel. Last year they might be had for the picking up. There is a miss in Indian corn on account of the lateness of the spring. Meat is scarce though it is not dear, beef and mutton 3d and salt pork 6d a pound wheat is 5/- a bushel, but that we can not always get, for we get but little cash for labour. The farmers have none, at least not to spare and we take such as we have, sometimes we stop weeks for pay.

Perhaps you will say that I have not found things as I expected, true, I have not nor have I stopped where I intended. Had I gone 200 or 300 miles further it would have been better, more plentiful and shorter winters, but I believe it was the unseen hand of Providence that placed us here for our good, for at the time we stopped here the sickness raged very much at Prescott and Little York, while in this neighborhood we have had but few cases. Had we gone on we must have been quarantined until our clothing and our goods had been washed and aired, and we must have been more

uncomfortably situated and more exposed to the cholera than we have been here, and there must have been great want of shelter in a new country, where so many are flocking. I do not think of moving from here till I know where I am going, and very likely we may stop here altogether.

I wrote to Abraham Quaife in the United States but have had no answer. Whether he received it or not I cannot tell.

We have cause to be thankful before God that he has shewn us favour in the midst of strangers. Our neighbours do not look above us, but wish us well, our landlord's wife treats Mary as a Sister and the children as her own. Another circumstance I would not forget, I should be ungrateful if I did. Soon after we stopped at Milroche a gentleman by the name of Murton - I think from Lenham was travelling up the country with his family, and had met with much unkind treatment. He spoke to Mary as she was washing beside the door. She told him we had lately come out, our name and where we came from how we were circumstanced. He shed tears and said my Father's family had worked for his family 50 or 60 years ago. He gave her a dollar and took me down to the waterside and gave me two large pieces of pork and a quantity of biscuits, and would have taken us with him but he had so much trouble to get shelter for his own family, and the men had left the boat (with his goods and family) and he is obliged to be at the expense of getting more (I hear he is settled near the Ohio). Had it not been for him we should have been very much drove to have provided for ourselves and family and we look on it as an interposition of Providence in Spiritual point of view.

We can but see the goodness of God as we are favoured with a pious Minister who preaches every Sunday in the Church and the Methodist preach once a fortnight about a mile and a half from here. They are like the early days of Methodism. Their preaching and prayer meetings are simple and unadorned - though sometimes very noisy. But the best is God is with them and the Saviour is powerfully present, both to wound and to heal, the youth are turning to the Lord, and the careless are wrought upon. I find myself quite at home among them and am glad my lot is cast among praying people. One man I have worked for, in the hurry of harvest, called us altogether before breakfast, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with us and for us. He was the same in the field as at home - a Christian. Methodists are gaining ground here and next summer they will get a new Chapel. But now I must stop, my paper is nearly full, and I will tell you more when I write again. Direct for us . . etc., I am happy to say we are all well, hope this will find you and all friends the same. My love and best wishes to all. I mention no names as I am writing to all.

J. E. Quaife 15.11.32

From Mary

Dear Father and Mother

As I thought you would think very unkind if I did not write something I wish to tell you that I am quite at home in my little cottage, as I have a good bed and a seat to sit in, which is as much as I expected to have in this land. After being without a home so long, have learnt to prize it and though I cannot . . about you all, yet I have no wish to cross the water again. I often thought of my Father for I found it the hardest work that ever I did the last fortnight of our time was so miserable that I never think of it but wonder that we ever bore it. The children were much better than I was in the steamboat, the smell was shocking, so many being crowded together, that we could scarcely move hand or foot, and we did not leave without livestock and it was as bad in the boat and if I had not left it I think it would have cost me my life. Though have not many comforts of life I believe we shall see better days, and get a better living for our children than at home. The children are very hearty and taken notice of by all that see them, and often talk about coming to see you. I promise to write more in the next, hope you will not use us as bad as we have used you. This would come sooner but as we get no cash for labour we could not pay it out of the country, everything here is done by barter, as there is but little money.

My love to all friends and remain,

Your loving child

M. Quaife